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LOVE FORGETS.

BY M. B.

Love forgets so many things
When he spreads his wayward wings.

Love forgets the bloom the rose
Wore, ere his kiss came to close.

Love forgets the eyes unwet
Ere his star the gazer met.

Love forgets the unhurt heart
Ere it felt his painful dart.

Love forgets the soul serene
Ere his shadow it had seen.

Love forgets the slumbers deep
Ere his coming troubled sleep.

Love forgets the hopes he brought,
And the longings that he taught.

Love forgets! Ah, well away!
Why should Love think of yesterday?

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

"WHO—WHO ARE YOU?" ASKED THE WOMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the woman sprang forward and seized Lord Norman's arm, he almost thought, for the moment, that it was a vision of Madge, called up by his intense longing for her, and he started and shrank back. Then he looked at her. The moon was behind him, and its rays, penetrating the trees, fell upon her face. He looked and saw that it was not Madge, but a stranger; not even like Madge, for the woman had fair brown hair and large brown eyes, which were turned up to him with a mixture of astonishment, joy and fear.

'Harry! Harry!" she breathed, glancing behind apprehensively as she spoke.

Lord Norman opened his lips to exclaim with surprise that she had mistaken him for someone else, but with a terrified gesture she laid her hand upon his lips. "Don't speak, don't speak a word!" she whispered tremulously. "They are close behind. They are looking for you. Oh, Harry, they must not find you! I came to warn you. I—I saw your horse. God grant they may not see it——" She broke off panting, her hand pressed to her bosom.

Harry gazed at her in amazement. "My poor girl!" he began in a low voice, but her hand went to his lips. "Not a word, Harry! They can hear you, will recognize your voice." She shuddered. "They know all; all, do you hear. It is not of myself I am thinking, though—though you have treated me cruelly. Oh, more cruelly than ever man treated woman before! For—for I trusted you, Harry; I trusted you! God help me——!"

"But—but——" Lord Norman stammered, helplessly.

"Hush! I will not talk of myself. There—there is no time for that. It is of you, and you only I am thinking. Yes, Harry, for—for, I love you still!"

"There is some mistake, my good girl," Lord Norman began again; but she gripped his arm tightly, and shudderingly turned round.

"They will kill you! Harry, you must not speak. If—if they find you they will—oh, I cannot tell you, I cannot!" She leant against him, shaking like a leaf in the autumn wind; and Harry, fearing that she would fall, put his arm round her to support her. She let her head fall upon his breast for a moment—but a moment only; then raised it, and, looking from side to side, went on in the nervous, hushed, and cautiously tremulous voice: "Listen, Harry, oh, how could you, Harry?—father saw me crying, and—and put questions to me. I—I think he would have guessed the truth—would have known that I loved you, and that you had deserted me—even if I had not said a word. And I did deny it while—while I could, dear!"

"Heaven and earth!" Lord Norman broke in, but once more she stopped him.

"He was furious. He swore that—that he would follow and find you, and drag you back on your knees to me—they are his words, not mine, Harry! There is not an unkind thought in my heart towards you, though you have ruined my life and made me pray for death every hour since you left me."

She sobbed in a hushed, repressive way. "He swore that he would bring you back, or—or——" she murmured. "And when he was starting I begged him to let me come with him. I—I said I could help to find you; that you would come back if I asked you, and you would have done, Harry, wouldn't you, dear?"

"I—good heaven!—there is some hideous mistake! If you would only listen to me——" Lord Norman implored.

Her grasp tightened on his arm.

"Hush! But you must not come back, Harry, even—even for my sake." Her head drooped, then she lifted her pale worn face again. "Harry, just as we were starting a man rode up. Father would scarcely stop to speak to him; but the man was stern, and would not let father go until he had answered some questions. I crept down behind the fence—they were in the yard—and heard every word they spoke. Harry, the man was a superintendent of police, and he told father that he was after a famous bushranger——"

She paused for breath, but Lord Norman did not seize this opportunity of interrupting her. He was, if the truth must be told, too confused, bewildered.

"He said that a reward was offered for the man—that he had orders to take him alive or dead!" She put her hand to her throat as if she were choking, then went on: "Father asked what sort of a man he

was, and the superintendent described him. Harry—you can guess—you know—"

"Go on," said Lord Norman.

She raised herself on tip-toe, and put her lips close to his ear.

"It was you! He described you exactly! Father swore. He said that he knew you—that you had left the place—stolen away—some days ago; and—and that he, too, wanted you—alive or dead!" Her whole body shook. "I crept to the back of the house, and then came out by the front door, as if I had only just come out; and—and though I could have screamed, and my heart was beating as if it would choke me, I hid my feelings from them. I knew, dear, that your life—oh, Harry, your life—depended on me! So when father turned to me and said, 'What do you think of your fine gentleman now, Mary?'——"

"Mary!" Lord Norman echoed. It was the name Harold Thane had so often uttered in his delirium.

"Hush! I—I pretended that I—I loved you no longer, and that I was anxious to help them find you; and they let me come with them."

She wiped the perspiration from her forehead with a weary gesture.

"We have been on the march ever since. Yesterday they saw signs of gold washing in a stream near here, and they have camped in hiding up the valley there, feeling sure that they had found the place where you had been and that you would come back."

"Go on," said Harry in a low, stern voice.

"This afternoon," she resumed with a sigh, "I stole out of the camp by myself, feeling that if you were near I should find you before they did. Love is quicker than hate, dear! I doubled on my track so that they couldn't tasce me, and—and I reached here just—just as you came in amongst the trees."

For a moment she paused, her hand pressed to her heart; then she went on again—

"There is not a moment to lose, Harry—not a moment! They may have followed me—may be near now. If they catch you——! You must get your horse, dear, and ride for the bush. You will know where to go better than I can tell you, I daresay," she said with a sigh. "But you must go at once. Don't think of me, Harry. I—I will give you up. Since you have gone I have felt that there was only the hope of death before me. I pray to die, Harry! Hush! I—I don't blame you—not now when you are in such danger. It—it was my fault as much as yours. You see, I loved you too well—better than my father, than God!—and—and women are always punished when they love as I did—do! Go, Harry; go to England if you can. You must not stay in Australia, for for I know—I have heard the superintendent and father talking—that the police are on the watch for you on all sides!"

She let her head fall on his breast again for an instant or two, then she fumbled in her pocket and brought out a purse.

"You—you may not have any money, Harry. Father says that—that——"

"Well?" said Harry hoarsely.

He seemed to know what was coming.

"That you stole—stole his bag of money from the old sideboard; but—but I know that that is not true, is it, dear? You could not be a common thief!"

Lord Norman's face went white and stern as he remembered the bag of money Harold Thane had shown him on the night of his arrival. His hand gripped hers unconsciously, and she mistook the pressure for denial.

"No, dear, I know that that was not true—that they had accused you falsely in that, at any rate. Rob father? No, no! Even the little love you once felt for me would have kept you from that. And—and I won't ask you any questions about the other things they say you have done. It—it wouldn't make any diffsrence to me," she sighed. "I—I should have loved you all the same if I'd knowd it."

Lord Norman's heart ached. He could have cried out aloud.

She lifted his hand to her cheeks and kissed it, and the pathetic, heart-breaking action was the last straw.

"The scoundrel——" he burst out. She started, and still clinging to his hand shrank back a little.

"What—what did you say?" she faltered, her eyes fixed on him. Lord Norman took her hand firmly, and turned so that the moonlight fell on him. She started, hes eyes distending a kind of horror and amazement combined.

"Harry!" she gasped, and bending forward scanned his face with a frightened scrutiny. "Harry! Speak to me! Speak—one word! No! Hush! Let me look at you? Ah!" She uttered a faint scream, which she stifled with her hand on her lips, and tearing herself from his grasp staggered back against a tree, clutching its sides behind her to save herself from falling.

"Poor girl!" he began.

She sank to the bottom of the trunk, and crouching, glared at him in mad terror.

"Who—who are you?" she panted. "It is—it is not Harry! Oh, heaven! am I mad—mad?" and she hid her face in her hands.

Lord Norman bent over her and drew her up.

"Hush!" he said soothingly, his own voice trembling. "I—I will explain. I have tried to do so all along, or nearly all the time. I am not the man you take me for."

"No—no! I see—I see now!" she breathed with a shudder. "But, oh, heaven! how like, how like! Face—voice—!"

"I know," said Harry, still soothingly. "I am like him. We are so alike as to seem brothers. But we are not, thank heaven!" he added, under his breath.

"Then—then you know him—you know where he is!" she gasped.

Lord Norman made a gesture of assent.

"Take—take me to him!" she implored "Take me at once!" and she rose and looked round wildly.

Lord Norman held her by the hand firmly, though gently.

"Tell me his name," he whispered.

She scanned him over with fearful anxiety and doubt.

"Are you—are you a friend to him?" she panted.

"I was," he said.

His answer seemed to inspire her with his truthfulness.

"Harold Thane," she whispered. "Take me to him! Now, at once! There is not a moment to lose! His life——"

Lord Norman's grasp of her hand did not relax.

"I cannot," he said. "Listen to me! Harold Thane is a scoundrel?"

She struggled to release herself.

"He is a scoundrel," he repeated sternly; "no good could come to you by seeing him. He is a villain, unworthy of a thought of any honest girl. You want to see him, that you may warn him and save his life. I will do that."

"You—you will?" she breathed, pushing the hair from her pale forehead with her free hand.

"Yes, I promise you," he said in his grave, simple way. "I will save him for your sake, though"—he paused—"but on one condition only. You must go back to your father, and think no more of Harold Thane"

"Think no more——" She smiled; a heart-breaking smile.

"I know," he said, "it is a hard thing to ask, but you must do it. Go back and lead then off the scent if you can. If you can contrive to do so for a day—a few hours—it will be something; it will give him a start."

"Yes, yes," she whispered, shaking with excitement. "And—and you promise?"

"I promise to help him to escape. I will do more—I will try and show him what a villain he was to return such love as yours with treachery; what a fool he has been to throw away a heart of gold."

The tears sprang to her eyes, so that she saw his handsome face through a mist.

"I—I know what you mean. Tell him that—that if he will only love me again, and keep straight, that I will wait for him, will go on loving him. And—and if he should send for me——"

Harry's own eyes were moist, He nodded.

"I understand; and let's hope—— It is never too late to mend. If anything could make an honest man of him, such trust as yours ought to do it."

She drew a long breath.

"He—he is not so bad as—as you think," she breathed, her head drooping, her hands wringing each other in an agony of shame and hope. "Tell him what I have said; tell him that if it's ten—twenty years from now and he sends for me I—I will go to him!

The tears were streaming from her eyes, but she dried them suddenly and looked round with a shiver of dread.

"What was that?" she panted.

"Only my horse moving," he said. "But you must not stay here; you must go. As you say, there is not a moment to lose, and I must get him away,"

"Yes, yes," she assented, with feverish eagerness.

She left him and went a few paces; then she came back noiselessly.

"Will—will you tell me your name?" she whispered, looking up into his face with still something of wonder and dread at his extraordinary likeness to the man whom she loved, and by whom she had been betrayed.

"Henry Richmond," said Lord Norman. "You shall not tell me yours unless you like."

She hesitated a moment, then she said—

"Mary Marshall."

"I shall not forget it," he said. "Good-bye! Go now at once. Keep to the right of the road, and the shadows will cover you for more than a mile."

"Good-bye!" she murmured brokenly. "You—you will remember your promise—you will be kind to him?"

With the last words she bent and touched his hand with her hot, dry lips, then glided into the shadows, and was mingled and lost in them.

CHAPTER XII.

LORD NORMAN walked up and down amongst the trees for some minutes after the girl had stolen away, thinking over her story. He would have liked to have gone to the villain who had betrayed her and have handed him over to her father's justice. But he had given his promise to her, and not only must he hold his hand from punishing the scoundrel, but must help him to get off.

It went very much against the grain, but it had to be done, and with the girl's voice ringing in his ears and filling him with indignation, he returned to the hut.

Harold Thane was asleep, lying on his back, with his arm extended behind his head, the other hanging by his side, and with both hands clenched. There was a frown on the face which indicated that the sleeper was not free from dreams; and as Lord Norman looked down at him he noticed for the first time—that which he would probably have never noticed if he had not learned the man's true character—that there was something sinister of expression in the lines about the mouth and between the eyes.

He stood beside the sleeping man for some minutes, loth to wake him and commence the miserable scene which he knew must occur. He went outside again, and drew a long breath of distress and reluctance. Then he saddled Thane's horse, and in about a quarter of an hour returned to the hut, and going up to the rough bed, laid his hand on the man's shoulder.

"Wake up!" he said in his ear.

Harold Thane sprang up, and looked round him with a glance of terror; then, as he saw Lord Norman, sighed with relief, and smiled.

"Anything the matter?" he asked with a frown.

"How do you feel now?" asked Lord Norman, standing over him, and looking down at him with a sternness which Thane did not observe.

"Better, first-rate, quite strong again," said Thane cheerfully. "You've saved my life, Richmond! I'm not to call you my lord, am I? You'd make a splendid hospital nurse."

"Do you feel strong enough to go out—to take a long ride?" Lord Norman inquired.

Thane stared up at him.

"Oh, yes; if it isn't too long," he said with a smile. "What's up? Have you"—his voice grew cautious and eager—"have you found some more gold? Have you, Richmond? If so you can tell me; I'm strong enough to ride a hundred miles." He rose and stretched himself, and reached for his belt.

"Sit down," said Lord Norman, "sit down and nurse your strength. You'll need it. No, I've not found any gold, Thane, but you will have to take a long ride all the same."

Something in his voice struck Thane's attention, and he looked up at him in the mingled fire and moonlight.

"What's up?" he asked. "Why should I take a ride? You sound mysterious, Richmond, and I hate mysteries."

"So do I," said Lord Norman, "especially when a mystery serves to hide a piece of villainy."

Thane looked up curiously.

"It seems to me, from all you told me this evening, that there is more mystery about you than me, Richmond. I'm not a real live lord masquerading as a common cattle-runner."

"No, you're only a scoundrel pretending to be a honest man," said Lord Norman.

Thane snatched his revolver from his pillow, and held it ready to aim and fire.

Lord Norman shook his head.

"No use," he said. "I extracted the cartridges. I thought you might do yourself some injury during your fever."

Thane flung the revolver on the bed.

"You knew I was unarmed, or you wouldn't have insulted me," he said.

Lord Norman's eyes flashed for a moment, but he answered quietly and calmly enough.

"If when we've had our talk out you'd like to exchange shots," he began—then he broke off. A pretty way of performing his promise to that poor girl! "No," he said, "I don't think I can shoot you, Thane. I almost wish I could, for you deserve it."

"Oh, I do?" retorted Thane with a curl of his lip. "You speak your mind, my Lord Norman Eldred Beauchamp Fitzgeorge Lechmere,"

It struck Lord Norman that the man had got his numerous names with striking correctness, but the fact did not stay longer than a moment with him—at that time. In the after years it assumed an immense importance.

"Yes, it's my way," he said. "Thane, I know all about you."

Thane's face flushed, and took to itself an acute and cautious look.

"You know all about me, do you?" he said with the same sneer. "How did you learn it? Have you been sneaking and listening to my ramblings while I've been asleep, just now? You were friendly enough before you went out, or you would not have communicated your family history and private affairs—sacred affairs of the heart—to a scoundrel and a villain, as you politely call me."

Lord Norman hesitated. It was a disgusting task, and he shirked it. He would have much preferred to have started the man off without a word.

"Do you know a young lady called Mary Marshall?" he inquired sternly.

Thane started, and looked up at him with amazement and apprehension.

"No," he said after a slight pause

"That is a lie!" said Lord Norman calmly. "I have seen her and heard her story. She said her father was close at hand——"

Thane sprang to his feet and seized the empty revolver; then remembering it was empty, flung it from him with an oath, and with a white face and starting eyes looked round for some other weapon.

"Mary—her father—here! For Heaven's sake save me, Richmond! Save me!"

He clasped his hands and leant forward imploringly, his whole frame shaking. "Save me!" he whispered hoarsely. "I—I never did you any harm, Richmond. I've acted on the square with you. Save me! Let me go! If—if he comes up with me, I'm—I'm a dead man!"

A shudder convulsed his handsome face, and he glided backward to the door, and, shooting the heavy bolts, set his back against it. "Richmond, tell me—tell me how she came here, where they are, what you know!"

Lord Norman looked at him with stern contempt and loathing, and yet with a faint twinge of pity. You see, the man had been almost as close as a brother to him for weeks past, and owed him his life.

"I know everything; enough, anyhow," he said. "That poor girl has told me the whole story of your villainy. Poor girl! Thane, such men as you are not fit to live." Then his calmness gave way suddenly, and with a ring of passionate scorn in his voice, and a flash in his eyes, he went on: "You fool! You won the heart of a pure-minded, sweet, honest girl, and instead of cherishing it as the greatest treasure a man could have, you dragged it through the dirt and trampled on it!"

Thane gazed at him with mingled resentment and terror.

"She—she told you that——"

"Yes, and more. I know that her father is hunting down the man who not only ruined his daughter's life but stole his purse!"

Thane started, and his lips twitched.

"It's—it's a lie!" he gasped.

"It's the truth! The bag you stole is in that box," said Lord Norman sternly, pointing to the spot where his "treasure box" was buried. "But that's nothing compared with your villainy towards her. That's a matter for the superintendent of police, who is with her father, and who wants Harold Thane, the bushranger."

"Police?"

The white lips formed the words, the white face grew distorted with terror as he flung himself at Lord Norman's feet.

"Richmond- Lord Norman-for Heaven's sake don't give me up! I'm—I'm not so bad as you think. There's—there's some excuse for me. Don't give me up!"

Lord Norman, overcoming an almost irresistible desire to spurn him with his foot, said coldly—

"You're right! I ought to give you up. I ought to help hang or shoot you, but—but I've given my promise to help you—"

"You—you promised! Promised her?"

"Yes," said Lord Norman, grimly. "In a weak moment I pledged my word to assist you to escape."

"God bless you!" panted Thane.

"I hope God will bless her," said Lord Norman, with scorn. "You're not a fit and proper person to call down blessings on anyone! Get up. Sit down—sit down there and rest—you'll need all your strength. I'll give you a quarter of an hour; the moon will have sunk by that time, or nearly so, and you will get away through the woods. I've got your horse saddled. Make straight for Port Granville."

"Port Granville?" murmured Thane, wiping the drops from his face. "Every port will be watched!"

"So Mary Marshall said," remarked Lord Norman. "You must manage to change your clothes; you'd better shave. But there, all this in a part of your profession," he broke off calmly. "You will know what to do better than I can tell you."

As he spoke he stirred up the fire, and put on the kettle and a saucepan of meat to warm.

"What are you doing?" asked Thane, hoarsely.

"Getting somethidg for you to eat and drink," said Lord Norman, curtly.

Thane daew a long breath.

"If you knew the whole story!" he muttered.

"Thanks; but I've heard enough, and from more truthful lips than yours."

"If you knew what my life has been," Thane went on in a low, uncertain voice. "I'm not a swell like you. I wasn't born with a gold spoon in my mouth; I don't even know who my father was."

"This doesn't interest me," said Lord Norman discouragingly, as he poked the wood into a blaze under the kettle. "That poor girl wanted to make excuses for you——"

He broke off, and turned to look sternly at Thane.

"Look here! I think—I'm not sure—that there's one more chance in life for you. Strange as it may seem, she forgives you, and—and cares for you still."

"She—she said so?"

"Yes," said Lord Norman grimly. "There's no accounting for women. I've heard that the worse a man is the better some good woman loves him. I don't know much about it, but that's her look-out. I give you her message. 'Tell him,' she said, 'to make his way to England, to try and earn an honest living, and if he

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

WOMAN'S HEART.

The core that burns in the depth of a pipe,
The red and glowing coal,
Is a heart of a woman, warm and ripe,
For it soothes the manly soul.

It's the sweetest gift that heaven gave
To mortals here below;
It needs a patient, devoted slave,
To cherish its tender glow.

An Atonement.

BY G. G. C.

THE women wondered over her—why she was not married? When, or whether, she would be married? Why, after all, the men kept making such a fuss about her? The men, to quote the ordinary expression, all swore by her: had done so for a longer number of years than one likes to sum up against any lady, even when the amount is reckoned by the opposite sex's swearing by her. And amidst the cavilling and extolling—so very faintly amused at the former, of which she was perfectly aware, so very slightly pleased by the latter, as to which she was constantly informed, Frederica Bramston moved serenely through her life. A little scornful, a little indifferent, growing a little tired of it all; beginning, as it were instinctively, to range herself beside her sex in wondering at herself. Why, indeed, was she not married? Why, after all, did men make such a fuss about her?

"Are you never going to care for anyone at all Frederica?" enquired exasperatingly Mrs. Marchmont. It was characteristic of Frederica that through all her life neither relative or intimate friend had ever docked her name of one or any of its syllables.

"Meaning am I never going to fall in love with any man? I fear me not. It does not look so very like it, does it? After having run the gauntlet of them now for eighteen long years. Not a flattering summary is it, Emma? To have entered the lists at seventeen, to have passed my five-and-thirtieth birthday like an ugly milestone on the road, coming here to you, and to remain still as I stepped into the arena."

"Well, in your case, not unflattering—not actually unflattering, seeing that you really have received so many bona fide proposals; but still decidedly unfortunate."

"The fault lies in myself, not in my stars, eh?"

"And lying in yourself, able to be rectified. Frederica, you would be far happier if you made up your mind to it, and married."

"To it—to him?"

"To both. To speak seriously, Frederica——"

"To speak seriously, dear friend, I know beforehand all that you are going to say—or possibly to abstain from saying—and you are right. That I am getting tired of going about, because I have been going about so long. That I have been lonely, because I am by myself in the world. That I am poor, because of having no large fortune. Therefore am I bounden to fill up all my vacuums by the stupendous stop-gap of matrimony. So pray now, show me the way, and I will follow it. Place before me the raw material, and I gratefully will endeavor to utilise the same."

"Frederica! But if I thought you were in earnest, there will be a man there to-night to whom I could introduce you—Sir Charles Thornton."

"Then Sir Charles Thornton be it—him, I mean—by all means, and I am in earnest—and do introduce him, dear. Only, I may bargain, may I not, to like him just a little?"

"You may. Because I really do believe no more lies in you to do!"

"Was it true? she asked herself. Was thus far and no farther all of which she was capable?—that in all these years she had liked so many men so well, then when they had offered to her their best, she only wanted to refuse it from their hands. Had she no heart like other women—no sweet dear power of love to make her happy in bestowing as the other in receiving? Quite sadly for a space she mused over this lack in her nature, then with a shrug dismissed the thought as she let loose her hair to dress it for the ball.

All she did was to coil it in one cable round her head. A heavy cable of a wondrous shade; the color of copper with a flame turned on it; of dead beech leaves beneath a sunset.

Many women described it red. All men termed it glorious; artists followed it, coveting its tone to lay upon their brushes. By no class did it pass unnoticed. Her eyes were of the darkest brown, too dark to vary in their tint; her skin perfectly pale ivory, never coloring or flushing; her lips unusually crimson. A striking woman, but monotonous in her appearance, lady-critics averred, because she was in herself monotonous, unemotional, passionless. This was why they wondered all the men made such a fuss about her.

They were—most of them, at least—making it again this night in the ball-room. Many a handsome woman, many a fresh piquante, pretty girl they passed by on their way to seek introduction to Frederica. The brilliant lights from overhead shone on the wonderful burnished copper hair, her evening dress displayed her statuesque proportions to advantage; it was of some amber yellow tone, and admirably becoming to her.

With significant pressure of her fan against her arm, Mrs. Marchmont presented Sir Charles Thornton to her, but she was no different in manner to him than to all the rest. She lacked subtlety, mobility; to vary in her ways seemed not in her—only that as each man struck with her appearance considered himself the one to make her do so, it kept up the supply of those making the fuss about her.

Indisputably she was a conspicuous figure in that country ball that night. She was that in even a London one, and had been it in many and many a London one; it was wonderful how she kep' it up, the ladies said. To mothers of over-many daughters she was, in some respects, I nuisance; she was so uncommon, she seemed to lure men from the beaten tracks. In others, she was a comfort; a woman with her attractiveness still single, might well serve to point a moral against philandering and pluralities, urging the solitary capture and that a speedy one.

"You got on well, Frederica, with Sir Charles, and I am so delighted. He is absolutely charmed with you, he told me so. And he really combines everything. Rich, and his own master—quite nice-looking, too—and about forty, just the very age for you."

"Yes."

"That will be more than a comfortable, it will be a brilliant finale for you, dear." Mrs. Marchmont, who was really fond of Frederica, recalling many little shafts she had heard let fly against her, thought complacently of the discomfiting buckler she now saw every hope of flourishing triumphantly against them.

"Yes."

"You would never be so mad, Frederica, as to refuse Sir Charles—I know that of course."

"Oh, never, I must not be mad."

"But you ought not, really dear, you ought not to have been so much with that young Arthur Lancaster, because, without meaning it, you might do an immensity of harm to him. I was longing to give you the hint last night, only could not get the opportunity. The Lancasters being such old neighbors and great friends, I know all about it, and he is all but engaged to an heiress with five thousand a year. Her father made it out of some very superior kind of polish he invented, but she is quite a nice girl—pretty too, and her parents both are dead—there is no drawback. Mrs. Lancaster has told me all about it, and Arthur being their youngest can never be well off, and is exceedingly extravagant. And as the girl was there last night, and as it is not quite settled—Arthur not having yet proposed—if you were to stir up any jealously it might lead to endless mischief, and you might do him irreparable injury, for which I know you would be sorry. Arthur is about twenty-seven; it will be an excellent thing for him."

"Most excellent. His prospects seem as speckless as my own, and he must no more be mad than I myself. And I would not do him any injury, Emma; you are right. Sanity and Matrimony, they must be the orders of the day. Sane matrimony—matrimonial sanity."

She spoke in her customary even, semi-satirical tones. No one could believe the little narrative she had listened to was of deeper interest to her than an ordinary scrap of social gossip. No one else, seeing how hardly could she realize herself that so it was. He was all but engaged—why should that affect her? She might do him great injury—wherefore should it be hard for her to abstain?"

Sir Charles Thornton came visiting to Mrs. Marchmont's house. He made no secret to her of his admiration for her guest, nor of his intentions regarding her. Sated with the stereotyped siren of Mayfair with her ready ways and open lures, Frederica's coldness refreshed him as a spraying of spring-water after a surfeit of bergamot; and a wife—an adjunct he was critically looking about him for—her frigidity might be commendable.

Arthur Lancaster came likewise visiting to Mrs. Marchmont's house, and then the county gave another ball.

"And you say you did not know how much I loved you!"

"Honestly I say I did not."

This was what a week had brought them to, the young man who had been on the threshold of betrothal to the exceptional heiress, the woman who had been warned against preventing it. For oh! she loved him—too well to let her believe that he could love her in his turn. Loved him with all the gathered, unspent strength of all her tested powers; loved him against her will, her wish, her wisdom, her tingling self-respect that cried out upon her a dozen times a day to fight away this unseemly folly for a man so many years her junior, and to let Nature, when she will join hands with feasibility, do so, leaving him to mate with youth befitting his—herself, turn thoughts to what best matched her years. Yet now she was sitting softened, subdued, timid as a girl of eighteen beside him, her heart worshipping this handsome, young, imperious lover, who so ardently declared his love, so boldly wrung from her confession of hers. A whole tumult of emotions, fresh to her as to maid in her first season, stirred within her: passionate pulsing, keen ecstasy—the

life-blood leapt into her face, for the first time staining its pale ivory with a lovely flush.

"You are beautiful, too unique for words to describe you in," he whispered to her, passionately, under the dim lights in the heavy-scented conservatory.

"But you must not speak of it to anyone yet," she said to him next day. "Pray, pray do not!"

"All right, so long as I may speak of it to you." He gazed at her earnestly, longingly. The unwonted flush still flickered in her cheeks, the splendid coil of copper glinted near the ivory of her neck—she was, he thought, as fair to look upon out here, beneath the trees, as last night she had been amidst more sensuous surroundings.

"My Queen! you are miles above me, far and far too good for me; and what have I to offer in return. A life of poverty, of roughing it, with none of the luxuries you require."

"I don't require them. I am strong, stronger in even all the little ways than any woman I have ever known. Eat well, sleep well, never know the feeling of being over tired. But for you—poverty——"

But for him of course it mattered neither. Nothing in this moment signified so long as he obtained herself, just herself.

"But also! I am so much older than you are," she sadly resumed.

"What of that?"

"That I ought to have the most sense to see——"

"So you ought, then, to see that there is nothing so wise or so good—nothing—as for the two who love each other most to marry, if you do love me most, Frederica."

"Arthur!"

She could not but decide that question, but after an interlude of enjoyment, felt obliged to tell him how in the beginning, after their very first meeting—yet when she loved him all the same—her friend had warned her that she might be an injury to him, an interruption with their heiress.

"Heiress be hanged!"

"But wasn't it true then?"

"In a way."

"Arthur, were going to sell yourself to her?" She wanted to find out how much he had liked her.

"Well, no, not sell exactly," flushing at the term. "I really did care for her a bit, I was rather fond of her, and of course, too, it would, in one way, you know, have been such a good thing for me; there was that as well."

"Then you were fond of her. Oh, Arthur!" with a wild sweep of self-reproach, "do be fond still of her, do go on, and leave me. Forget all this—it is wrong, it is wicked, senseless——"

"Frederica, you don't know what you are saying, dear! It was so different with her. I knew that from the moment I knew you all thoughts of her slipped from me. I used to think this summer sun of ours was hot before I became acquainted with the one out in the tropics. There! that about describes it—now can you understand?"

* * * * * *

The old walled-in garden held two lovers, and no more; they were alone together as Adam and Eve in Eden. The dusky twilight was completly silent, the air languorously heavy, sweet with subtly-mingled scents from roses and clove pinks, mignonette and madonna lilies, a very place and hour for lovers' tryst. It was Frederica who had appointed this one.

Only a short time for it they had, yet they rarely spoke, and when they did it was in quiet murmurs, as if the spell of silence had been like alike on them. Frederica too, let every thread of pretty forecast talk between them drop, but she pointed him out the new dawning in the sky, and bade him turn the silver in his pocket for his luck.

"And it will do for yours as well, our luck will be identical from now!"

She made him no rejoinder, she was in so strangely silent a mood to-night, but she raised her hand, which was holding hers, up to her lips, and gently pressed them on it, passing them lightly along all the surface of its back. The minutes slipped on towards parting, but to such a mere short parting as he said, also whispering her now proud and happy it made him feel it was so short a one. "And then you will write to me from town to-morrow evening, and I shall get the letter in the morning."

Yes, she would write to him, he should have her letter in the morning.

"Arthur, if anything should ever happen to prevent your marrying me—anything of any kind, will you promise me that you will marry Miss Benson?"

"My dearest one! Why, what an idea! What can have put such notions into your head just now? Don't say such things, don't think of them, it makes me miserable." He caressed her, praised her, murmured to her all kinds of fond and foolish words; but in a few moments she began:

"As you love me so, make me a promise; just to please—to satisfy me. Promise me that should anything prevent your marrying me, you will marry her instead."

"It is such arrant folly, dearest—well then, if it satisfies you, I promise."

She held his two hands, palms together as he spoke, her own white firm ones pressing outside each. Then she dropped them, laid her russet head against his shoulder, slid up her arms around his neck and clasped them there, clinging close, so close against him. The struggle of a sob could no more reach him than the tremor of a sigh. She had never acted so before. When she did raise her face it was to press her lips on his—he had not guessed her love to be so passionate a thing.

"Now, Frederica," Mrs. Marchmont said to her, "you will not dawdle over your business or shops, you must hurry back again. I shall have all the consoling of Sir Charles during your absence."

Arrived in town, she dawdled neither over shops nor business, but drove straight to a South Kensington hotel, where having engaged her bedroom, she sat down to write a letter in it.

When finished she folded and addressed it, then lay back in an arm chair, and had a long, long fit of reverie, many a soft and happy smile sweeping across her face the while, lingering there sometimes like sun upon a landscape; but when at length she rose again, her features had grown very fixed and stern. The dusk was gathering in the great city, here and there the lights came twinkling out, and she stood at the window, and watched them increasing more and more. She never had found gas-lamps interesting before. Then she took her letter in her hand and went out with it into the street.

It reached its destination duly, figuring on the breakfast-table in the eyes of a young man eager and expectant, who thrust it into his pocket to read when by himself. He ate his breakfast first amidst his family, making a very light and hurried meal—in a man, proof of his devotion and homage to his correspondent.

"MY LOVE:—I am going to send you but a short letter, as I am feeling rather tired, and in need of a good sound sleep. Besides, there is nothing much to tell you, except how much I love you. More than my life itself. This I know to be a usual expression, but I truly mean and feel the words. Into my brief intimacy with you I have condensed an entire lifetime of deepest, wildest pleasure. My enormous love for you—your dear passion for me—each have been a joy such as I never dreamt that I could taste. Be glad to know that you could give to me such joys. It is quite impossible that any woman's heart could hold you dearer to it than does mine, or any woman feel for you a more devoted worship. All the same time, never forget the promise that last night you made to me—that I persuaded you to make. I verily believe it would have been better had we never met, since meeting meant to love; better for you I mean, my creed being that to no man could one woman in his life make up for his sacrifice of every other thing he wanted in it. For me, I know and feel certain that I would not undo it all if I were able to. I think that to have had it pass them altogether by.

"Good-night now, my beloved. I feel to want that sound long sleep which will put all things right with me. Your only

"FREDERICA."

And as he re-read this, his Love's first letter to him, to put himself the more in touch with her mood as she had written it, there arose outcry and wild excitement in the South Kensington hotel, dismay, and regret for the poor lady who but arrived the day before, and who now lay dead in bed through her mistake in swallowing too large a dose of chloral overnight.

Bric-a-Brac.

ANCIENT FRESCOES.—In the island of Delos the walls of a private house have just been excavated by the French school at Athens, which are covered with frescoes of great antiquity and wonderfully well-preserved coloring. They represent subjects from mythology and from every-day life, and are very important additions to our knowledge of Ancient Greece.

IN FIJI.—The Fijians believe that in case a marriageable youth or maiden dies without having gone through with the elaborate nuptial knottying ceremony of the islands his or her soul is doomed to wander about for ever in an immediate region between heaven and hell. When anyone dies—man, woman, or child—a whale's tooth is placed in the hand of the corpse, the missile to be thrown at the tree which stands as a guide-post to point out the road that leads to heaven and the one that leads to hell.

CANOES.—In the Sitka district, Alaska, the canoes are each cut from a single log of wood. The log is first dressed and hollowed out, and then steamed and spread open. Many of the canoes are models of form. Great care is expended on them, and if the maker were paid good wages their prices would be fabulous. A good, new canoe, able to carry three men and 100 pounds of baggage, is worth $150. An older canoe of the same size may be procured for $70. Some cost $200 and up to $700.

THE SINKING MOUNTAIN.—Djhebel Naibo—"the Sinking Mountain"—an isolated Algerian peak, now only about 800 feet in height, is known to be slowly but surely sinking out of sight. In the time of the Cæsars it was 1400 feet, or nearly twice its present height. There are several sections of Algerian soil where the earth's crust is known to be very unstable. Near the "Sinking Mountain" there is a large, clear lake called Fezzara, which is said to have risen over a large city, which sunk in the year 400 A. D.

AN OLD CUSTOM.—The nomination of Sheriffs according to the present mode dates from 1461. The "shire reeve" was first appointed by Alfred the Great to assist the Alderman and Bishop in the discharge of their judicial functions in counties. In Edward III's reign it was enacted that they should be "ordained on the morrow of All Souls, by the Chancellor, Treasurer and Chief Baron of the Exchequer." The only instance of a female Sheriff is that of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, who, on the death of her father, the Earl of Cumberland, without male heirs, in 1643, succeeded to the office in Westmoreland, and attended the Judges to Appleby.

SPANISH KINGS.—The most extraordinary precautions are taken in Spain to provide for the safety of the sovereign at night. His slumbers are watched throughout the night by the Monteros de Espinosa, a body of men who for 400 years have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of guarding their royal master or mistress from sunset to sunrise. They are bound by tradition to be natives of the town of Espinosa, and to have served with honor in the army. They lock the palace gates with much ceremony and solemnity at midnight, and open them again at 7 o'clock in the morning. Their fidelity to the person of their sovereign does not admit of question.

THE old Lincoln homestead, near Hodgenville, Larne county, Ky., where Abraham Lincoln was born, is to be purchased by an association of the citizens of Hodgenville and made into a public park. The homestead is now known as the Creal farm, and lies about two and a half miles south of Hodgenville.

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

should ever send for me, I will go to him.'"

Thane nodded. His head was leaning upon his hands, and his eyes strayed from the back of Lord Norman's head to the door, as if he were listening with one ear to the speaker and with the other for signs of the pursuers.

"There is just a chance for you," continued Lord Norman; "take my advice and seize it. Go to England, get some honest work, and then send for her and marry her; and you'll get a better wife than many a straight man deserves—that is, if she doesn't come to her senses, and marry a man more worthy of her."

He poured out a can of tea, and put all the meat on the plate, and set them on the ground near Thane's feet.

"There you are," he said. "I'd advise you to get through as much of them as you can. Your next meal's uncertain."

Thane took up the teat and drank it feverishly.

"I can't eat."

"Put something in your pocket," said Lord Norman coldly.

Thane held out the cup for more tea.

"And—and what will you do when I am gone—I mean if they track us to this part?"

"I?" said Lord Norman. "What has that to do with you?"

Thane emitted a sullen laugh.

"You seem to have forgotten one thing," he said; "that if they come up suddenly they may take you for me—we're devilishly alike, my lord—and shoot you on sight. And if they don't make that mistake they may hold you to account for—for helping me off."

"That's my buisness," said Lord Norman curtly.

He went to the window and looked out at the night.

"You'd better be getting away," he said.

Thane set down the cup, and put on his boots, belt, and coat; but paused as Lord Norman took the spade and began to dig. He got up the box, opened it, and took out the bags of money. From the one bag he poured all its contents, counted them into two halves, put one into the bag, into which he poured the gold-dust from the handkerchief, then handed it to Thane.

"You'll want some money," he said. "I've given you half of mine and your own dust. The bag you brought with you I return to Mary's father."

Thane bit his lip.

"You—you treat me like a dog!" he said between his teeth.

Lord Norman deigned no response, and Thane, after looking at him for a moment, took up the empty revolver.

"Are you going to send me away unarmed?" he asked sullenly. "If so, you might as well give me up at once."

Lord Norman took out some cartridges from his belt, and Thane eagerly held out his hand. But, as if he did not see it, Lord Norman laid them on the bed.

Thane's eyes flashed and his face reddened.

"Curse you!" he muttered, half audibly, "I'm not fit for you to touch, you—you proud lord!"

"Time's up!" said Lord Norman quietly.

Thane paused in his rapid operation of filling the revolver, and glared at him.

"You're a cool card!" he said with an oath. "You forget I've got the best of you now!"

And he touched the revolver, with a smile that just showed big gleaming teeth.

"Oh, no!" said Lord Norman coolly. "Cowards only show fight and commit murder when they think it will pay them. You are a coward, Thane, and have sense enough to know you've nothing to gain by shooting me; and also know that the sound of firing would attract the attention of the men who are wanting you——"

"It—it was only bluff," Thane said, with a sinister smile. "But you're wrong. I'm no coward, though you think I'm one, and everything else that's mean."

"You're right, I do," said Lord Norman. "And the sooner I'm quit of your company the better I shall be pleased."

Thane's face went white, and he bit his lip; but he made no response, and filled in the last of his cartridges. Then he went to the door, and, opening it slowly and a few inches only, peered out and listened.

"Good-bye," he said, and after a moment's hesitation he held out his hand.

"Good-bye," said Lord Norman with a nod; but he quite ignored the outstretched hand as he had done a few moments before, and, stooping down, placed the box in the hole.

As he did so, Thane's hand fell, a fiendish expression crept over his haggard face, and he raised the revolver. But he remembered the danger, even as his finger touched the trigger, shifted the revolver to his left hand, and, stealing behind Lord Norman, caught up the spade, and brought the blade down with all his force on the back of Lord Norman's head.

Lord Norman went down upon his face like an ox in the shambles, then he rolled over, and staggering to his feet went blindly for his assailant. The blood was streaming from the wound, the hut seemed to spin round him, he could scarcely see the man who had struck him the cowardly blow,

Thane stepped out of the way and watched him for a moment, blundering about with his great arms extended, his eyes staring wildly; then as Lord Norman's fingers touched him he stepped back, raised the spade again, and dealt him a second blow; this time on the side of the head.

Lord Norman went down again and lay where he had fallen, his arms stretched out, the blood rapidly forming a pool round his head.

Thane, still holding the spade, stood and looked down at his victim, his own breath coming with heavy panting, his eyes dilating. Then he flung the spade from him, and kneeling down, looked into the blood-stained face. He saw the lips twitch, and a shudder convulse the body of the prostrate man, and with a half-fearful eagerness he put his hand on Lord Norman's heart.

For a moment his own face went white to the lips.

"By heaven! I've killed him!" he cried hoarsely. He rose and shrank from him, and sank upon the bed, but still looking at the placid blood stained face over his shoulder. For a few minutes he sat motionless as his victim—as if benumbed, body and mind; then suddenly he remembered his own danger, and made for the door, still looking behind him.

But at the door he paused.

His eyes had fallen on the box!

Stepping round the still form eagerly, he knelt down, and took out the bags that contained the remainder of Lord Norman's savings, and the stolen one. As he stowed them away in his belt pocket he saw the diary. He took it up mechanically, and was dropping it into the box again, when an idea—which no doubt had been, unfelt by him, forming, whirling in his brain—sprang into full growth and life.

He started. A hot flush swept over his haggard, Cain-like face, and he uttered an exclamation.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, with feverish excitement, "that's it! Why shouldn't I? Let me think. Yes, it's plain as a pike-staff."

He took the diary and put it in his breast-pocket, even more carefully than he had stowed away the money. Then he knelt on one knee beside Lord Norman, and, with a hand that shook as it came in contact with the body of the man who had saved his life and helped him to escape, he drew out the small, flat packet from Lord Norman's breast-pocket, and put it with the diary.

As he did so he felt for Lord Norman's heart again, and, with a long breath, as if satisfied that his foul deed had been complete, turned to the door.

A sound behind him startled him into stopping, and he looked round.

It was only a log falling in the fire. He looked at it, looked in the upturned face lit up by the blaze which the falling of the log had caused; then, as if struck by another idea, turned back to the fire, took up the log and placed it near the bed, with the burning end away from the blankets, which lay in a disordered heap.

As if the last action had strained his nerves to the utmost, he sprang to the door, shut it carefully behind him, ran to where his horse stood ready saddled and bridled, and, leaping on its back, rode through the woods as if the Spirit of Murder was at his heels.

Half-an-hour afterwards a long jet of flame from the burning log stretched out its tongue and licked the blanket.

It smouldered for a time harmlessly enough, then a whiff of air coming from under the door fanned it into a flame. Presently the rug nearest to it caught, and the hut was suddenly lighted by a blaze, which shed a lurid glare upon the motionless figure and the white face flecked with red.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIS PLAINTIVE PLEA.—He had loved her very tenderly and for a long time, but she had scorned him. He was no worm, either, for he would have turned when trod upon, but she recked not this. It was enough for her that she did not care for him. This is usually enough for any woman. Also for any man when the boot is on the other foot. For such is the kingdom of Cupid. His condition had at last become unbearable to him, and he resolved to win or lose all. It was late one evening when the fateful moment came. "Will you marry me?" he asked her in plain untrimmed English, for he could trust himself to nothing in the ornamental line. She spurned him scornfully. "No!" she replied with sarcastic, hateful, cruel emphasis: "no." The word pierced the heart in his bosom. His lips quivered, and at first he could not speak. "Have you no more to say?" he asked at last, plaintively. "No, sir," she replied. "What more could I say?" Again he shrunk at the cruel thrust. "I didn't know," he murmured, tremulously; "but I think you might have said 'No, I thank you.'" Then he fled away so weary with disasters, trigged with fortune, that he would set his life on any chance to mend it or be rid of it.

ON payment of $300 a young man is excused from military service in Spain. The other day a man wrote to the Queen that he had already paid $3000 for ten of his sons, and begging her to excuse the other 14, as he had no more money. The Queen granted the request.

The Brussels Carpet.

BY A. D S.

IT WAS the prettiest scene imaginable. A little parlor, gayly and prettily furnished—snowy curtains, bright carpet, nice prints; young husband at one side of the fire reading newspaper; young wife at the other sewing on shirt-buttons; tea-things on the table, and the brightest of bright brass-kettles singing merrrily on the hob.

(Young wife speaks.)—"And so, Harry, you don't think my new carpet pretty, after all?"

"On the contrary, my love, I think it only too pretty."

"Too pretty! too pretty for what, Harry?"

"For us, my dear. Remember I am neither a lord nor a banker, but a man with an income to make."

"But it only costs as much as an ugly one, Harry?"

"Still, Lucy, it may do harm by leading to other things."

For some time nothing was heard in the little parlor but the click of Lucy's needle as it flew through the linen, and the singing of the kettle on the hob.

Presently Harry looked up.

"My dear," he said, "I forgot to tell you I met Robinson coming from the city. He promised to look in this evening; so if you have any little preparations to make, now is your time."

"At what hour do you expect him?" asked Lucy.

"About eight."

"In that case I shall have just time to make you a nice hot cake;" and laying down her work good humoredly, she tripped away to the kitchen.

When she was gone, Harry put away his paper, and looked somewhat penitently at the new carpet.

"It certainly is very pretty," said he to himself; "and I'm half-afraid I hurt Lucy by what I said. She's a dear, good, thoughtful girl, and worthy any man's confidence and love; but women are so easily led away to buy whatever strikes their fancy. They require our stronger judgment to guide them. Yes, I was right on the whole to give her that little lesson." And Harry returned with renewed self-satisfaction to his drowsy debate.

Eight o'clock strikes, and Lucy appears, preceded by a delicious odor of hot cake.

"There it is, Harry. Does it look nice?"

"Beautiful (like yourself!) and if it only tastes half as well as it smells, we shall have Robinson dropping into tea every other evening for the rest of his life."

"Flatterer. But your friend has not come yet. What sort of person is he? I hope he's not very fashionable."

Harry burst out laughing. "Oh, don't be afraid," said he; "he won't overpower you with his personal graces. He is long and lank; and his nose has a twist to one side, as if some one had tried, at some time or other, to wrench it off, and failed; but then he is the drollest fellow you ever saw in your life. Jones says he would make his fortune if he went on the stage."

"Was he not one of your party to Richmond the other day?" asked Lucy, as she arranged her bright tea-things and trimmed the lamp.

"Yes; and kept us in roars of laughter the whole day. He is a capital ventriloquist; and sent the waiters skipping about the house answering imaginary calls, until they thought the place was bewitched. Then at dinner, the fish asked what news from the river, and said it had not been there these five days; and the turked grumbled about the stuffing. The melted-butter told us it was nothing but flour and water; and the ale revealed family secrets that would have make the landlady's hair stand on end if she had been there to hear. After dinner we went to stroll through the fields; and he bet Jones a sovereign he would sail across the river in my silk umbrella."

"In your umbrella!" exclaimed Lucy; "and did he win?"

"Of course he didn't, my dear. He lost both his balance and his bet; for the moment he put his foot in the umbrella down it went and he with it; and the bank was so slippery, he was half drowned before we could drag him up again."

"Was he frightened?" said Lucy.

"Not he," returned Harry. "The first thing he did was to make a face at us, with the water dripping from his crooked nose, that set us all off laughing again like madmen."

"What a strange man!" said Lucy, with a slight shade of apprehension in her tone.

"But that wasn't all," said Harry in the full tide of his reminiscence. "We had to give him some hot brandy-and-water to keep him from catching cold; and on the way home he insisted on driving; and charmed, I suppose, by his success in that attempt, wanted to get on the horse's back to imitate Franconi in The Wild Courser of the Desert. Jones got frightened, and tried to pull him back. He manfully resisted; and both looked so ridiculous, I could do nothing but laugh. That was rather an unlucky prank though," continued Harry; "for the horse, not being accustomed, I suppose, to equestrian feats, ran away, burst from the harness, and smashed one of the shafts; and I had to pay two pounds fourteen and tenpence for my share of the damage."

"And your silk umbrella," said Lucy,—"did you lose that too?"

"Yes indeed—seventeen and sixpence more, by Jove!" said Harry, with a sudden cessation of his smiles. "I did not think the day's pleasure had cost me so much."

"Besides the dinner," said Ducy.

"Besides the dinner; twelve shillings more."

"Well, I declare," said Lucy laughing and clapping her hands, "that is the droll-lest thing I ever knew. Two pounds fourteen and tenpence, and twelve shillings, make three pounds six and tenpence, and seventeen and sixpence, exactly four pounds four shillings and fourpence."

"Well?"

"Just the price of my Brussels carpet, and fourpence over."

"He—em!" said Harry.

THE WRONG LEG.—She had attended the ambulance classes and obtained the certificate. The sirest accident she had earnestly prayed for took place. A man had broken his leg; She confiscated the walking stick of a passer-by and broke it in three pieces for splints. She tore up her skirt for bandages. When all was completed she summoned a cab and took her patient to the hospital. "Who bandaged this limb so creditably?" inquired the surgeon. "I did," she blushingly replied. "Well, it is most beautifully—most beautifully done, but you have made, I find, one little mistake. You have bandaged the wrong leg."

AN OPPORTUNE FRIEND will be found in Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, when racked by a severe Cold, and the many Lung or Throat affections which sometimes follow. This old remedy has met the approval of two generations, and is to-day as popular, safe, and effective as ever.

Scientific and Useful.

SHAVINGS.—Shavings are coming into demand for bed and mattress filling, and the Wisconsin planing mills have struck a bonanza in packing them like hay and sending them all over the country.

EARTHQUAKES.—A Mexican professor of physics proposes to foretell earthquakes by connecting telephones to the pipes of deep artesian wells and to metal plates sunk in deep mountain crevices.

TEXTILES.—The best discovery in textile machinery ever made is just projected. It is almost human in its action. It is simple, and does the work which only human hands could do heretofore. It dispenses with the services of five weavers in six.

GIVES AN ALARM.—A novel alarm letter box has been introduced, the principle of which is to let householders whose doors are fitted with the apparatus know when letters, etc., have been dropped in, their weight releasing a catch, which allows a short spring to uncoil and set a vibrating weight to ring a bell.

HEADACHE.—A vibrating helmet for the cure of nervous headaches has been devised by a French physician. It is constructed o. strips of steel, put in vibration by a small electro motor, which makes 600 turns in a minute. The sensation, which is described as not unpleasant, produces drowsiness; the patient falls asleep under its influence and awakes to find that the pain has ceased.

DOG POWER.—Two of the nail factories at Williamsburg, L. I., are utilizing dog power to work the bellows for the forges, the dogs being enclosed in a sort of treadmill. Against the intimation that their employment in this manner is cruelty to animals it is said that the dogs work but an hour and a half at a time, and that at the end of their turn, if the foreman should forget the time, they will stop the wheel and bark to be let out. They have thus, in their intelligence, some protection against overwork or cruel treatment; and certainly in this utilitarian age a dog may be made to earn his own living.

Farm and Garden.

TO CLEAN NICKEL.—To clean nickel plating, polish with a paste made of vaseline and rouge, and wipe the polished surface with a cloth moistened with vaseline.

VICIOUS COWS—Vicious cows should not be retained, as they are liable to do harm to the attendants or to the other members of the herd. They are at all times a source of danger.

MISTAKES.—It is just as well to know how to avoid mistakes as it is to improve in every department. A single mistake may destroy the work of a whole season and result in loss where profit might otherwise have been obtained.

HORSES.—A horseman advises to never allow a horse to stand on hot, fermenting manure, as this will soften the hoofs and bring on diseases of the feet; nor permit the old litter to lie under the manger, as the gases will taint his food and irritate his lungs, as well as his eyes.

DRAINAGE.—Drainage in winter saves plants from being thrown out by the frost. Whenever it can be done, a furrow should be opened with the plow to drain off water to the nearest ditch. This work will require but a few hours, and will be of great benefit. It answers well where small fruits are grown.

TURNIPS AS FOOD.—A mess of cooked turnips, given once a day, will be found excellent in increasing the growth of young animals. They do not contain any great proportion of nutrition, being mostly water, but they promote the appetite and serve a dietary purpose, being a change from the usual dry food.

PIGS.—It usually pays best to kill pigs by the time they weigh 150 pounds, and from that to 250. If allowed to grow much heavier than this the cost of food in proportion to gain is increased, except when the hogs become too sluggish and fat to take exercise, but after that the gain is at the expense of health fulness of the meat when killed.

THE ROLLING WORLD.

BY FATE MADOC.

If the great world went leaping
From point to point in space,
How would the children's sleeping,
Or ruddy Autumn's reaping,
Find a convenient place?

Or if 'twere stationary,
Silent and still and cold,
How would the necessary
States and conditions vary,
How were we young or old?

But the great world goes rolling
Along its gracious way,
Luck and ill-luck controlling,
Tides turning, fate cajoling,
As day succeeds to-day.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

LYRA would willingly have avoided the visit to Starminster: what right had she to join in the pleasures of her mistress? Why should she, the companion, the amanuensis, be invited to dine with the Earl of Starminster? But when she ventured the next morning, as she was writing letters at Lady Theodosia's dictation, to say that she was quite willing to stay at home, Lady Theodosia put aside the suggestion with a wave of her hand.

"Why should you not go?" she said. "You seem quite well and strong again."

"Yes, I am quite, quite well," said Lyra, "and I am very strong."

"Very well, then," said Lady Theodosia, as if this settled the matter. "I know what your opposition is based upon. You think that Lord Dane only asked you out of politeness, a matter of courtesy, and this because—well, because you are acting as my secretary?—you would be de trop."

"Yes," said Lyra.

"Well, that is all nonsense. Forgive me if I speak plainly, but I—Mrs. Leslie—would not have asked you to come and help me if you had not been a lady; and I count you as one of us. I know that at one time some persons treated those in their—well, employ—as if they were made of quite inferior clay, but those persons are not very numerous now, and those times have passed away. By all means accept Lord Starminster's invitation. The little outing, the small excitement, will do you good. Here is another letter. It is to the Secretary of the Homes of Helpless Sweeps," and she dictated the letter.

Lyra said no more, but went on with her work, and in the afternoon put on her plain black cashmere and awaited Lord Dane's arrival.

He turned up at six o'clock with a pair of handsome chestnuts in a light wagon. He had not brought a groom, and called out through the open door, where the ladies stood—

"I won't get down. Don't keep me longer than half an hour, unless you want the horses to make mincepie of your gravel, Dosie."

"I call that base ingratitude, seeing that we are all ready and waiting," said Mrs. Leslie.

He looked down at them with a smile on his handsome face, and tried to keep the light of admiration, and alas! love, out of his eyes as they rested on Lyra.

"Now, who is going to ride up here?" he said. "Do you care about it, Fanshawe?"

"Perhaps one of the ladies would like to," said Mr. Fanshawe.

"All right," assented Dane with alacrity.

"Not for me, thanks," remarked Mrs. Leslie promptly. "I know those horses, and while I can see them I am always wondering whether they are going to run away or climb the trees."

"That don't say much for my driving," said Dane. "Coming, Dosie?"

But Lady Theodosia wanted to talk parish matters with Mr. Fanshawe.

"Do you mind, Lyra?" she said.

"I'll promise not to let them run away or climb the trees, Miss Chester," said Dane. "Here, give me your hand."

And he bent down and helped her up to the seat beside him.

"Got plenty of wraps? It may be chilly coming home. That's all right. Off we are then!" and the chestnuts bounded forward as if they had been released by a spring.

Dane kept his attention on them for a few minutes, then he got the dust wrap and put it over Lyra's knees.

"Hope you are not nervous?" he said. "But I needn't ask that," he added, as he glanced at her face, upon which a faint rose color had dawned, but certainly no shadow of fright.

"I am not afraid, if that is what you mean," she said. "How beautiful and shiny they are!"

"You are fond of horses?"

"Yes; though I know nothing about them. I did not see many horses in—in Yarn——"

She stopped suddenly, and the rose in her cheeks turned to carnation, which faded and left them pale.

He looked straight ahead as if he did not hear her; then, after a moment, he began to point out the objects of interest, as the chestnuts swept swiftly along the road.

"That's Fernley Hollow; the fairies dance there on Allhallows Eve. Fernley parish church; all the church spires are alike in this country. I'm not up in architecture, but I conclude that they must either have been built by one man or the other fellows copied him," and so on, and he carefully avoided looking in her direction.

So, presently, the color stole back into Lyra's cheeks. The beauty of the evening, the swift sure trot of the horses, and, alas!—and alas!—his near presence brought peace and a keen sense of happiness to her weary heart.

After a while they turned off the main road and passed between some open gates of white painted wood.

"We're on our land now," he said.

Lyra started and sighed.

"Why that sigh?" he asked. "Has Theodosia, who is a communist, already begun to teach you that it is wicked to own land, or, indeed, anything else beyond sixpence and a suit of clothes?"

Lyra smiled.

"I suppose we shall soon be there?" she said ingeniously.

"Oh, that's it!" he remarked. "You mean that the drive is too short? Why didn't you say so before we turned in at the gates? I could have a longer round of it."

"Oh, no, no!" she murmured.

"But we've some distance to go yet," he said. "Didn't you bring a sunshade? Never mind; we shall be in the shadow of the trees directly."

The sun was shining between the leaves, throwing a red glow on the chestnuts and the well-kept road; the birds were singing their even-song; a rabbit, fat and white of tail, scurried across the glades now and again, and a squirrel ran up a tall fir-tree and sat watching them with twinkling eyes.

Lord Dane and Lyra were silent for awhile, and scraps of the conversation being carried on behind them reached them.

"An evening school for the boys and a Scripture class for the girls, say twice a week," they heard Lady Theodosia say earnestly, and the Rev. Martin Fanshawe's grave, resonant voice answering her, "Yes, it would be a good thing; but you must not undertake too much. It is well to labor in the vineyard, but—er you"—he corrected himself—"we must not overtax your strength."

Dane smiled grimly.

"Are you going to teach in the Sunday-school, Miss Chester?" he asked.

"I? No; I don't think so; I am not capable of it; besides, Lady Theodosia has not asked me."

"You may be sure she will do so," he replied; "I rather think she asked me." He laughed and Lyra could not help a soft echo of the laugh; there was always something infectious in Dane's light-heartedness. "I offered to go down on a week-night and teach 'em boxing and fencing, or to give some of them a wrinkle in the art of throwing the fly——"

He picked himself up, but not before the crimson had flushed Lyra's face again. Were they doomed to remind each other every five minutes of the past?

He flicked the off-horse and the surprised animal, who had been behaving like an angel with four legs, jumped and fidgetted.

"Do they ever run away?" asked Lyra quietly.

"They try it on sometimes," he said. "They managed to get their heads one day when the coachman was driving and ran for a couple of miles. They don't get enough work; my father objects to going fast, except in a train, and I am not often here. But you need not be anxious; they won't get away with us this evening. Would you like to see them stretch themselves? Would you like to go fast?"

Before she had considered her answer, she had said "Yes."

He nodded with a glance of approval.

"I had an idea you would," he said. He touched them with the extreme edge of the whip, and let them have their heads a little, and away they went.

The color rose to Lyra's face, the light danced in her eyes. Then she remembered the other two ladies behind.

"Will they mind—be frightened?" she said, looking at him apologetically. "I did not think——"

"Not they!" he said. "And just think of yourself, will you?" he added, rather grimly. "You have not sold yourself into slavery——"

"Have those wretched horses bolted, Lord Dane?" broke in Mrs. Leslie's voice, but without much alarm in it.

"No, mum," he replied, in coachman fashion, "only a bit fresh, mum."

"Please don't drive so recklessly, Dane," came Lady Theodosia's calm, grave voice.

He bit his lip softly, and pulled up the horses.

"I wonder whether the parson looked afraid?" he muttered; then, a little louder, "I wish you and I had been alone. We'd have spun them for a couple of miles at that rate!"

Lyra turned her face away. They had

been alone once, but it was very unlikely that they would be alone again for more than a few minutes as long as their lives lasted.

"There's the house," he said presently, as he took the horses round a curve in masterly fashion.

Lyra raised her eyes from the horses, and uttered an exclamation of amazed admiration. Castle Towers had seemed grand to her, but this was a palace which she had never pictured even in imagination. The sun was shining obliquely across its immense facade, and bringing out all its strong points in the most striking and effective manner. The great elms cast long shadows over the velvet turf, the water in the basins of the fountains glittered crimson and yellow. A peacock perched on the rail of the terrace spread his tail as if prompted by a desire to vie with colors around him.

"How lovely! how lovely!" Lyra murmured.

He looked at her rapt eyes and then at the house—at the latter indifferently enough.

"It's a huge barrack of a place," he said carelessly, almost apologetically.

"A barrack!" said Lyra, reproachfully.

"Well, that's what I call it!" he said. "We are not often here. You see there are only two of us, and it's fearfully dull. We are lost in it. My father—I hope you will like my father——" he broke off.

Lyra smiled gravely.

"It is of more importance that Lord Starminster should like me," she said quietly.

"I'll answer for his liking you," he said; "he couldn't help it. But I was saying that my father, when he is here, practically lives in the library. I believe that when he is alone he has his meals there. They send him in a chop—he fancies that chops are the only safe thing for the gout—or a chicken, anything, he is quite content. He sits there all day, reading or writing, and at night hobbles up to bed. That makes two, or at the most three or four rooms, and there are all the rest. I forget how many bedrooms there are—over a hundred, I believe—and there aren't even ghosts to occupy them, for somehow the ghosts have shamefully neglected us, and we haven't a haunted chamber in the whole place."

"But you have friends, visitors?" said Lyra absently; she was still looking with amazement at the vast pile of white stone.

"Oh, yes; a lot come down for a fortnight in the autumn. Some of 'em come for the shooting; but there is always a batch of political people. My father is a Cabinet Minister, you know. I told you, you remember——" He checked himself and colored.

Back to the past again. He would be making some such speech, some such allusion to their former acquaintanceship before Theodosia presently, he thought.

Lyra looked down.

"And are you a Cabinet Minister, too?" she asked innocently. "Oh, no, I remember."

He stared at her, then laughed.

"I? Good heavens, no! I am—well, I am just nothing; and always shall be. I've no more brains than that peacock. Here we are!" Then, with a sudden recollection of his manners, he looked round. "Hope you've enjoyed the drive!" he said.

"I do not see why there should be any difficulty in a surpliced choir," Lady Theodosia was saying to Mr. Fanshawe. "I beg your pardon, Dane. What did you say? Oh, yes; very much indeed, thank you. I hope you have not frightened Miss Chester out of her wits?"

"Miss Chester is inside her wits all right," he said, flinging the reins to a groom.

He held out his arms and if he expected Lyra to leap into them, but she drew back.

"Give me your hands then," he said; "now jump."

They went up the broad steps, flanked by a couple of huge lions rampant, and entered the hall.

Its vastness, though she had seen that of Castle Towers, struck Lyra. The sun streamed through a large stained window at the back. A round table, set with a tea service, stood in the centre, surrounded by palms. Flowers in Oriental vases lined the stairs, and indeed seemed everywhere, so that the figures of warriors in armor appeared as if in a bower.

"Have some tea before you take your hats off," said Dane in his downright fashion.

"How good of you to think of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Leslie. "Really, Lord Dane, you are growing most considerate."

"Ain't I?" he said. "Here's a chair, Miss Chester. Rather stand, all of you? Right, Dosie, pour out the tea. Mr. Fanshawe, if you'd prefer a soda and whisky—we don't dine till eight——"

The Rev. Martin Fanshawe looked at him solemnly.

"I am a total abstainer, Lord Dane," he said gravely.

"Right!" said Dane, "so am I. When I can't get anything to drink," he added in a whisper to Lyra. He was evidently in the best, the highest spirits.

While Lady Theodosia was pouring out the tea the earl came out of the library.

He was in evening dress, and approached them with a pleasant smile on his worn face.

"Well, my dear Dosie," he said, and he bent and kissed her forehead. It was evident to Lyra that he was fond of Lady Theodosia. "How do you do, Mrs. Leslie?" That lady was a favorite of his, and his smile deepened as he took her hand. He exchanged greetings cordially enough with Martin Fanshawe. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Fanshawe," he said, and Lyra, as he spoke, noticed the resemblance in the voices of the father and son, though there was only the shadow of Dane's brightness in the earl's. "It is very good of you to spare an hour or two from the work which I hear so completely absorbs you."

Then he looked at Lyra with a calm, expectant expression in the grave eyes, weary with the burden of modern politics.

"This is Miss Chester," said Lady Theodosia. "You remember, I told you," she added in a lower voice.

"Yes, yes," he said, and he bowed to Lyra, his eyes fixed on her face; then he held out his hand. "I am very glad to see you, Miss Chester," he said in a tone which, though it was husky with much public speaking, struck Lyra as peculiarly musical and pleasant; perhaps because it had the calm of Lord Dane's in it. With the perfection of courtesy he seated himself beside her. "No one offers me a cup of tea," he said plaintively.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Lady Theodosia, and she poured out one for him.

Lyra rose to pass it to him, and he put out his hand to stop her, but drew it back.

"Why should I not avail myself of the privileges of old age?" he said with a smile. "Ah! Miss Chester, we soon learn that we are old when ladies insist upon waiting on us. Your name seems familiar to me," he remarked, his eyes dwelling on her face with the admiration which an old man may permit himself without fear of giving offence. "I used to know some Chesters of Lowickshire. Are you of that branch?"

"Yes, I think so. I have heard my father mention them, my lord," Lyra replied.

He nodded thoughtfully, and stirred his tea with his spoon in the old-fashioned way.

"Then we may almost count ourselves old friends," he said with his pleasant smile. "The Chester property runs parallel with some of the Starminster land in Lowickshire. Do you like these parts?"

"I have only been here——with Lady Lady Theodosia a few days," said Lyra; "and at present I have not seen much of the country; but we drove through some very beautiful scenery."

"Ah, yes," he said absently; but his eyes were still fixed on her. "Dane drove you, did he not?" He looked across at his stalwart son with a proud and affectionate glance. "Dane, had you not better go and dress?"

"All right, sir," said Dane; "I can change in ten minutes." And he sprang up the stairs two steps at a time.

A maid came to show the ladies to some rooms where they could put themselves straight after their drive, and Lyra, following the others, got a glimpse of the famous picture gallery, through which they passed, and the great organ, which was said to be the finest in any private house in England.

She was shown into a large room with damask covered walls, and furniture almost as old as the house itself, but so carefully preserved that it looked as if is had just come out of a modern upholsterer's.

As she brushed her hair, which the wind had ruffled, she could not help marvelling at the freak of Fate which had ordained that she should be here in Lord Dane's ancestral home—she, who had never expected to see him again! A maid hovered about her, vainly attempting to help her, and almost piteously offering to take down her hair and rearrange it; but at last, in a kind of despair, she disappeared, and Lyra went to the window and looked out upon the wide stretching lawns, waiting for the bell which she expected to ring.

Presently she heard it, a deep solemn-toned gong, and she went into the hall. But there was no one there excepting Lord Dane. He was standing with his back to the flower filled fireplace, his head drooped thoughtfully, at the sound of her footsteps he straightened himself and came forward to meet her.

"Am I the first down?" she said, for the sake of saying something.

"Yes, and I am glad of it. Oh, they never appear until five or ten minutes after the dinner bell."

"I did not know that; you ought to have told me," she said with a smile.

"I am glad I didn't," he said, "it gives me an opportunity of showing you round. But perhaps you don't care to be shown round?"

"Oh, yes!"

"All right," he said in his boyish fashion. "Come on then I'll try and do my duty." He caught up a walking stick, and with a burlesque imitation of the professional guide began to point to the various objects of interest in the hall.

"Portrait of the first Starminster, commonly known as 'Wood Head,' so called because no battle axe had any effect upon his cranium. I've got the same kind of skull. That's his armor hanging above the picture. See the dents in the helmet? He died of eating too many mackerel, his favorite dish. Portrait of Catherine, third Countess of Starminster. Observe her

smile. Two of those smiles were warranted to kill a policeman of the period. She was called Catherine the Amiable, She was the last amiable person in the family. That red-headed gentleman, with the squint and the big fur ruff, was a Privy Councilor in the reign of Elizabeth. He was called Starminster the Wise. I regret to say that he absorbed all the wisdom of the race. That lady with the eyebrows and the large mouth was called Maude the Beautiful. I have spent many weary years in the attempt to discover the feature or features which warranted the appellation. In the glass case beneath the portrait you will observe her fan. She was, I believe, great in the matter of fans and scented handkerchiefs. She died of vanity in the year 1509. That solemn individual with the long nose is Wilfred Starminster, the preacher. I don't know what he preached, but I believe he absorbed nearly all the jaw of the family, I say nearly all, because, as you know"—he stopped and colored—"because my father is a dab at public speaking. In the glass case to the right of the portrait is the dagger with which Adelaide, tenth Countess of Starminster, stabbed her husband. In those happy days the dagger was a fond and familiar weapon; now we stab with our tongues. Want any more?"

"Yes, please," said Lyra.

"Portrait of Edmund, Earl of Starminster, in his peer's robes. That's the guv'nor. What a jolly life he would have led if he had been a laborer on the estate with fifteen bob—I beg your pardon—shillings a week! Portrait of your humble servant on his favorite pony; pony's legs out of drawing, as you no doubt perceive. Portrait of the same unworthy individual at the age of twenty-one, staring at nothing and trying with all his might not to look bored. Flags—they look like red rags, don't they?—carried by Starministers at various battles, duly chronicled in Mrs. Markham's 'History of England.' Sword worn by Reginald, Earl of Starminster, at the battle of Salamanca. Uniform and eyeglass worn by Phillip Starminster, Admiral of the Fleet, at the battle of the Nile. That hole in the coat is where the bullet entered which put an end to the gallant admiral. Have any more?"

Lyra nodded.

"Right. Portrait of Queen Elizabeth, taken while she was a guest of Starminster. We keep the room she slept in unoccupied and sacred, in case any Royalties should happen to pay us a visit, and they do so occasionally. Portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, 'presented by Victoria Regina to the Most Honorable the Earl of Starminster.' That's the guv'nor, you know."

He went through the whole in the highest and brightest of spirits, and had the stick still in his hand pointing to different objects when the other ladies came down the stairs. Lyra had stood in front of each picture and curio, her hands clasped behind her, her head thrown back, unconscious of the intent gaze of his eyes, which sought her face as often as they could; unconscious, also, of the hungry look in them, the expression of Love's hunger, which dwells in the eyes of the man who looks at the woman he covets.

"What a number of famous persons!" she said dreamily.

"Aren't they?" he assented. "It's true that most of them are more famous for their vices than their virtues—for instance, that gentleman in the suit of armor was a robber; the lady next him—well, perhaps I'd better pass her over; but the next gentleman—that one in the satin tunic—spent most of his days and all his nights in gambling. That one, the Duelling Starminster, had a private graveyard of his own; that nice little sword ran through six friends in private quarrels. The lady to the left of him bolted with her dearest friend's husband; and the youth next her turned pirate, and was, I believe, called the Scourge of the Ocean. Take us altogether, we are a nice and eminently immoral family."

The earl, coming down the stairs, heard the last words.

"Dane has been going through the portraits, I perceive, Miss Chester," he said, with a smile. "I am afraid you have not formed a very high estimate of us, but Dane is a biased cicerone; he always contrives to pass over the respectable members of the race."

"It doesn't give me much trouble," said Dane cheerfully, "there are so few."

The second bell rang, and the earl gave his arm to Mrs. Leslie.

"Will you take charge of Lady Theodosia, Mr. Fanshawe?" he said. And so Lyra fell to Lord Dane.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE dining-room at Starminster was, so said the authorities on decoration, rather heavy; but if so, it owed its sombreness to carved oak which had scarcely its equal in England. Lady Theodosia was proud of her oak at Castle Towers but even she was fain to admit that the Starminster panelling carried the palm.

A soft light from delicately-shaded candles fell upon the glistening wood and the massive plate and embroidered sixteenth century hangings.

A butler, stately and solemn as a bishop, officered four gigantic footmen in the claret and yellow livery. Huge palms, like those in the hall, stood on the hearth before the great mantelpiece built up, tier upon tier, of carved oak. A dozen priceless old masters hung on the walls the deep yet vivid coloring of the pictures contrasting fully with the mellow brown of the oak.

It seemed to Lyra, as she entered the room on Lord Dane's arm, that modern persons in their modern costumes were out of place in such an apartment, in which only powdered hair, satin doublets, and silk stockings would be appropriate.

The footmen moved to and fro with noiseless deftness, the butler's voice never rose above a respectful whisper; but Lord Dane seemed as lighthearted and boyish in the midst of the patrician sombreness as if he were up the valley fishing, or eating his lunch behind a clump of rock.

He did most of the talking, but though he said very little directly to her, Lyra felt that he was not forgetting her. Once or twice she declined the dishes the footman brought him, and on the second occasion, Lord Dane held up his hand, and signed to the servant to stop.

"Better try this," he said quietly, "it is better than it looks; and it's an entree we are rather good at. Here, let me help you, may I?" And he helped her with his own hand.

Every now and then the earl addressed a remark to her—a remark of the simplest character; and his deep, thoughtful eyes rested upon her with a kindly regard while he spoke and she answered.

It was the first "great" man Lyra had met, and she was deeply interested in watching and listening to him.

To the ladies, one and all, his manner was delightful, perfect. He seemed to tender them a willing, respectful homage, of which this generation is apparently incapable. If Lady Theodosia or Mrs. Leslie spoke, he bent forward with an expression of profound attention on his face and in his eyes, which never wandered while they were speaking.

To Mr. Fanshawe he had not much to say, but he listened to that gentleman with evident interest.

"You and Lady Theodosia must be making Castle Towers into a laboror's 'earthly paradise,'" he said. "I hope they will be satisfied." He smile gravely, doubtfully. "They tell me that the more prosperous the working man becomes the more Radical he grows."

"That's human nature!" said Lord Dane. "'The more we have the more we want.' Some of these days Dosie will find the house besieged by a mob of her petted peasantry. 'Petted peasantry' wouldn't be a bad phrase on a platform, would it, sir?"

The earl smiled indulgently.

"You know that I have long been impressed by the conviction that you are a born orator, Dane," he said.

"Not I, sir. I couldn't utter three consecutive sentences. I should get stage fright and break down. But what was I saying?—oh, that some day Dosie will find herself besieged by a mob clamoring for a division of the property. Then she'll be sorry she has been so generous."

Lady Theodosia smiled.

"When that day comes we shall know how to protect ourselves," she said. "Mrs. Leslie and Lyra and I will take the weapons from the armory and make a good fight of it. Won't we, Lyra?"

"Trust you," said Dane. "You good people are always ready for a fight. Do you think you could fire off a gun through one of the portholes of the castle, Miss Chester?"

It was all nonsense they were talking, but it was pleasant for Lyra to feel herself included in and taking a share of the nonsense.

When the ladies left the room, the earl signed to the two gentlemen to draw nearer to him, and the butler brought in the famous Starminster port, which, however, had grown famous in vain so far as Mr. Fanshawe was concerned.

"No? You don't drink wine?" said the earl. "So many persons are total abstainers nowadays. I daresay it is all right—indeed, from several points of view I am sure it is all right. I suppose, for instance, that if our forefathers had drunk less port, we, their children, would have less gout." He sipped his wine as he spoke.

Dane laughed.

"The worst of it is that it is the wrong people who abstain," he said. "Mr. Fanshawe, for instance. There was not the remotest chance of his drinking to excess."

"Who knows?" said the Rev. Martin gravely. "Everyone might say that he was safe—everyone was safe—at the beginning."

Dane finished his glass—the earl smiled blandly. If a guest had advocated cannibalism, he, the host, would not have contradicted him.

"The world is growing very good," he said softly.

"It is time it did, my lord," responded the Rev. Martin uncompromisingly.

Dane laughed.

"We shall all bud wings presently," he said, "like old bottled port."

The Rev. Martin frowned and opened his lips as if about to rebuke such illtimed levity, but the earl rose at that moment.

"Let us join the ladies," he said.

Dane went to the window opening on to the terrace.

"I'll go round by the terrace and smoke a cigarette on my way," he said.

He stepped out on to the terrace and lit his cigarette and drew a long breath, as an actor does who has just left the stage after playing a difficult part. And, indeed, it had been a difficult part for him. He had been compelled to sit at the same table with two women, one of whom he loved with a love beyond words to describe, the other his future wife. The very touch of Lyra's dress thrilled him, the regard of her lovely eyes went through him, every time she spoke her voice seeme to touch a sympathetic chord in his heart. She was the one woman in the world for him—and he was engaged to Lady Theodosia.

He strode up and down the terrace gnawing at his cigarette rather than smoking it; then he flung it away with a kind of groan and went towards the drawing-room window. It was open and a slim figure in a dark dress stood beside it. His heart leaps, for he recognized Lyra.

"I promised you a moon to drive home by, and there it is, you see," he said.

She started slightly, for she had not heard his steps. Lady Theodosia was at the piano, and the music floated out to them. He stood and listened for a minute.

"How well Lady Theodosia plays!" said Lyra warmly.

"Yes," he said absently, "she does everything well." He took out his cigar-case. "May I? Won't you come out a little farther? You can see the river from the edge of the terrace. There are trout in it." He stopped and bit his cigar viciously.

Lyra leant on the stone balustrade and looked dreamingly on the moonlit plain.

"Tell me," he said after a while, "are you quite happy—comfortable?"

"At Castle Towers?" she said, "quite, oh quite. Both Lady Theodosia and Mrs. Leslie are very, very kind to me."

"Kind!" he echoed almost gruffly; "of course they would be kind. But—but are you sure you are happy?"

"Yes," she answered gently, "as happy as I should be anywhere. I—I have had trouble lately——"

"I know," he said.

"Ah, no!" she thought; "you do not know, cannot guess." But she remained silent.

"If you were not happy," he went on, smoking furiously, "I would—well, I would find some other place for you." He stopped and flung the cigar into the shadow with a desperate violence. "What sports of Fate we are!" he said half inaudibly. "Here are you and I——"

She turned her pale face to him with a sad, mute reproach in it, and he bit his lip.

"I—I beg your pardon! I forgot."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, "you forget. But will you—I ask you very earnestly, Lord Dane—will you remember that I am just a stranger who happens to be Lady Theodosia's companion, and that you will only be just civil to her?"

"I'll try and remember," he said audibly, but inaudibly he added—"But it will be hard!"

Mrs. Leslie stepped through the open window.

"Are you there, Lord Dane?" she said. "Please to remember that you are going to drive us home, and that the moon will not last very long."

"Oh, yes it will," he said confidently.

"Oh, no it won't," she retorted; "I know that kind of moon. It will drop down in an hour or two and leave a Cimmerean darkness behind it. I think we should start now."

"All right," he said moodily, and he took a whistle from his pocket and blew it. "Bring round the drag," he said to the groom who appeared.

"I shall not see the moonlight from Starminster terrace again for some time," he said to Lyra.

"No?" she said with faint surprise.

"No," he went on almost sullenly, "I am going North, shooting. I shall spend the Christmas in Africa, the Easter in—heaven knows where."

He glanced down at her face, upon which the moonlight was falling. It was sad, but resigned.

"But who cares?" he said recklessly.

"Lady Theodosia," Lyra murmured.

He laughed.

"Dosie!—She care! Not while she has her parish and her missionaries, and the Reverend Martin——"

"Oh, hush!" said Lyra.

He laughed again.

"It's true," he said. "What a game of cross purposes life is!"

Mrs. Leslie, clad in her outdoor things, came out again, and Lyra went into the house.

When she came downstairs the brake was at the door, and Lord Dane was on the driver's perch. The earl stood on the terrace, bareheaded, taking leave of them with with his old-world courtesy.

"I envy Dane his drive," he said. "Dosie, are you sure you are well wrapped up?" Mr. Fanshawe, it is useless to offer you a cigar, I know. Mrs. Leslie, I trust you will not catch cold. Where are you going to sit, my dear?" This query addressed to Lyra, who stood little apart, her eyes fixed on the moon.

"Anywhere, my lord," she said.

"Give Miss Chester a hand up here, father," said Dane, in a determined voice.

"She will be warmer inside," said Mrs. Leslie.

"Oh, there are plenty of wraps up here," said Dane, in a would-be careless tone.

Lyra hung back, the earl stood waiting and Lord Dane's hand was extended.

"I believe you are afraid," said Lady Theodosia, with a laugh.

Lyra put her foot on the step, and disregarding Lord Dane's hand, sprung up.

"That's right," he murmured. "Hold on a minute," to the groom, who did literally seem to hang on to the fretting, impatient horses. "Now, just get quite comfortable," he said to Lyra, and he folded a Glengarry across her knees. "Right? All right, Parkins, let them go."

The horses sprang forward, and in a few moments Starminster, with all its gleaming lights, was left behind.

Lyra drew a long breath, and looked around her.

"It is even more beautiful in the moonlight," she said softly.

"Is it?" he responded. "I wish we were going to drive for a week—a month."

As he spoke, a deer—the woods were full of them—darted from the shadow of the trees right across the road. The roan horses started, and rose on its hind legs, then, as the whip cut it, darted forward. Its mate, as much alarmed by its companion's conduct as by the deer, followed suit, the wagonette swayed to and fro, then seemed to rush forward as if drawn by an express.

Dane got a good grip of the reins and leant far back in the effort to pull up the frightened horses.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Lyra quietly.

He glanced at the beautiful face uplifted to his.

"Are you afraid?" he said.

"No, not in the least," she answered as quietly as before.

"That's all right," he said between his teeth; "because the off trace has broken and these beasts have bolted. Sit still and don't scream."

"No, I shall not scream," she said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

Bishop Vincent, in speaking recently upon "The Church as a Social Institution," is reported to have said: "Our young people pass along our streets at nights and behold the theatres, saloons and many shops ablaze with light. They do not pause at the doors of our churches. And why? Because they are closed, cold and dreary looking. Let our churches be open 365 days in the year. Let there be no vacations. Then our young people will go to the churches and not to other places."

A simple and effective method of repelling train robbers by discharging jets of steam upon the attacking party has recently been patented by William H. Reeve, an old tugboatman of New York. The inventor has enlarged upon the plan long followed by railroad companies of attaching a steam jet to locomotives to scare cows and other animals from the track. The patent provides for running steam pipes along the boiler, one on either side from the cab forward. The end of the pipes are supplied with small nozzles so formed that jets of steam may be projected through them a distance of 50 or 60 feet.

A writer in London Truth says: "In Italy no question can arise as to the spelling of a word, and children learn to read and write in a few months, while with us many are often unable to spell after devoting to the subject long years of labor and tears, which might have sufficed for the acquisition of really useful information. For this reason, when I meet a grown-up Englishman who cannot spell correctly I am always prejudiced in his favor. It may be, of course, that he is a fool, or a mere dance, but the chances are that in his reading he has given his attention to something better than the conventional mode of selecting and arranging the letters."

While a number of boys were skating at the dam north of West Bend, Wis., lately, Edward, the 15-year old son of Mayor P. O'Meara, of that city, and Daniel Pfeiffer, of Chicago, aged about 17 years, who was visiting his brother, Dr. A. H. Pfeiffer, broke through the ice and were drowned. John Becker, of Milwaukee, who was walking along the railroad track on his way to the northern part of the State, heard cries for help and ran to their assistance, but when near them also broke through the ice. He was in the water about ten minutes before help arrived. A rope was thrown to him, but his hands were so numb from the cold water that he was unable to grasp it. He had good presence of mind, and, fastening his teeth firmly in the rope, was drawn out to a place of safety nearly drowned.

Mr. Lawson, of New York, a member of a Good Government Club, while en route to a social function in full dress saw a policeman rubbing an inebriated fellow-citizen's ear in an attempt to revivify him. He remonstrated with the officer, and told him that he should call a citizen to his aid and carry the man to the station house. "All right," said the officer; "I call on you." Mr. Lawson said he really could not stop. The officer said he really must, or subject himself to arrest; and so he was compelled to assist in dragging the mud-spattered prisoner to the police station. In the course of the journey the inebriate toppled over on the Good Government Club man three times, and left him in a sadly dishevled condition. But he can probably thank the Lexow Committee that he was permitted to escape without a bad government clubbing and a night in a cell along with his prisoner.

Send your full name and address to D. Ribbing' Soap Mfg. Co., Philada., Pa., by return mail, and get free of all cost, a coupon worth several dollars, if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention.

THE
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Evenings at Home.

It is now more than a century and a half ago since Joseph Addison, passing along Fleet Street, might have heard the boys of the day call out his own journal. "Here you have the 'Spectator,' gentlemen! only one penny, one penny, gentlemen! written by the greatest wits of the age!" and so on; and the gentle essayist might have felt for a moment that pride which authors experience, when they know that, having done well and thought honestly, those thoughts will enter into a hundred homes and stir the hearts of a thousand readers. Although written by the greatest wits of the day, in a day, too, when the Court knew how to recompense a man who did more service in keeping its subjects happy and quiet than twenty colonels, at least forty maids of honor, and a thousand royal masters of the ceremonies; in days when noblemen vied with each other in entertaining the man of letters, a penny was a vulgar price.

This preliminary comparison is, however, to recall to readers the fact that the "Spectator," in affording innocent amusement, did good; but in teaching people real, true, and Christian manners; in instilling gentleness, patience, sobriety, manly mirth, and bravery, it did better. It not only taught them what to do, but it showed them how to do it. Now, too, as the long evenings are here, and as people are apt in country and in town to be very dull, if not enlivened with proper variety, we purpose to offer, as Mr. Spectator would have done, a few suggestions as to the evening's amusement, suggestions which if carried out will be sure to make that evening bear the morning's reflection.

The first rule is this, and is applicable to man and woman, gentle and simple. 1. Get your work done by eight o'clock. If not done, leave it; rest is more important than work; genuine rest means fresh vigor, money, health, a new mind. Get your work done. Wash and bathe the forehead and neck, and determine, thus freshened, to spend your evenings, at least four times a week, at home. Be firm in this, and don't be restless for going out; night air is not good, and the American climate teaches us that an evening at home is best and most natural. 2. To do this, let the wife finish her work too—all except her ornamental work. She should put on her best looks and best temper, and be occupied with something; let her ask her husband firmly and kindly (we are supposing that he goes out upon business) whether there are any troubles; whether her counsel can help him, or if, they being personal to him, he would rather bear them alone. If he is reticent he will say little; if not, he may grumble a bit; let him, the expression of trouble is always a relief. After that, the matter will pass off; the husband finds his cane-bottom chair and easy slippers, and the evening begins. It will be best with a quiet conversation about news, wherein every speaker should relate concisely what he has heard or knows, all being listened to with deference, and the father of the family with the respect due to his position as perpetual chairman. Special nights should be set aside for special subjects.

Whoever reads—and the young should be encouraged to do so—should first be well acquainted with the subject, and then try to convey what he has before him in the shortest and most intelligent way to his hearers. Conversational reading, such as is found in Mr. Dickens's works, may be dramatic if the reader may be clever; if not, all that he should do, is to vary his method and tone. When a question is asked, let him ask it as a question; when surprise is marked, let him mark surprise. That is the whole secret of good reading; let him try to feel what he is reading, and he will read well. After the reading is over, let those present debate upon it. Do they think the story well told, is it natural, have they ever heard it before? and so on. Let interest be awakened, and the evening will be a pleasant one. As often as twice a week a neighbor should be asked in, and treated as one of the family. The great curse of society is the desire to appear fine, and to be more than one really is. Let the stranger have the best, but no more; put him at once at his or her ease; let him join in the amusement, and he will bring a new mind and new thoughts into the circle. People get tired of traveling for ever over one another's brains, unless indeed those brains exhibit a marvellously wide extent of territory.

Do not run away from jokes, nor think a laugh sinful; laugh freely, loudly, if you like, but wisely. When a man comes home and determines to spend his evening there, to be happy, and to make others happy, he should be especially cheerful. Let that be his first object. His home is made for his recreation; that is, his Re Creation, his making up again and renewal, after toil. He should therefore take care that that beneficent end is not overthrown. He will be a wise and a brave man if he determines, like Mark Tapley, to be "jolly." What credit will it be to him to show a sad brow at the crosses of the world, and to be thoroughly elated when in luck, to visit his disappointments on his wife, and to make his children unhappy, because his rival, Jones or Robinson, has made him so? If he must hurt anything, let him have a bundle of shavings to pitch into, hung up behind the door.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frank good-humor. If indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

MEDICINE will never remedy bad habits. Indulgence of the appetite, indiscriminate dosing and drugging, have ruined the health and destroyed the lives of more persons than famine or pestilence. If you will take advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink only wholesome things, retire and rise very regularly. Make a free use of water to purify the skin; and when sick take counsel of the best practical man, you know, and follow nature.

ANGRY words win nothing but contempt. Have you ever chanced to catch a glance at yourself in a mirror, when in a violent rage? Did you not make a ridiculous picture? The distortion which anger occasions to the countenance renders it a striking exponent of mental character. The lines become fixed in time, and, alas! so does the habit, until we hear people complain that they cannot restrain their temper. They can if they like.

ELOQUENCE is not a trick of words; it is the utterance of great truths so clearly discerned, so deeply felt, so bright, so burning, that they cannot be confined, that they create for themselves style and manner which carry them far into other souls; and of this eloquence there is but one fount, and that is inward life, force of thought, force of feeling.

THE "golden everlasting chain," described by Homer as reaching from heaven to earth, and embracing the whole moral world, was no fable. That chain is love.

THE difference between happiness and wisdom is, that the man who thinks himself most happy is so, while he who believes himself most wise is generally the reverse.

A YEAR'S subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would be an appropriate and very useful present to a friend.

IT is only those that have done nothing, who fancy they can do everything.

NO. "3, 7, 77."

TO THE majority of the readers, the above figures convey no meaning, and yet these mystic smybols have caused many a strong man to tremble with terror, many an evil-doer to pale with dread and suddenly to "fold his tent and silently steal away." The No. "3, 7, 77" is the warning notice and the signature of the Vigilantes of the Far West.

The law-breakers, no matter of what class or particular line, thoroughly appreciate its full value, and rarely fail to profit by it. The Vigilantes work unseen, unheard, but with a tenacity that never fails. They rarely appear on the surface, but the results of their action show plainly enough. One warning is usually all that is given; if this is neglected, woe betide the person to whom that warning is sent. An outsider could almost believe that these mysterious papers are sometimes delivered by supernatural means, as locked doors and barred windows present no obstacles to that little sheet in red letters, lying prominently on the table. Many a marauder or frontier ruffian, returning to his lonely cabin in the mountains after a horse-stealing expedition, has been surprised and terrified to find a paper on his table, giving him twenty four hours to leave the country, with these dreaded numbers as a signature.

An early riser taking a morning stroll through a mountain town has sometimes seen these little slips neatly pasted outside the doors of certain houses, and the dwellers therein have declared that these papers were not there at midnight. A game of cards once being played in a saloon by four desperadoes, a new pack was handed to them in its original sealed wrapper. When opened, on the ace of clubs was found written in red ink: "3, 7, 77'—24 hours to leave. Pass this card to the other three." They left that night!

Western Vigilantes do not act on sudden impulse. They have been called into existence by the possibility of having cattle and horse-thieves, "road-agents" (a polite term for murderous highwaymen), and highwaymen convicted or proportionately punished for their crimes—amongst which murder is a common one—owing to the gross venality of the people from whom the average juries are drawn; also to the sharp practices of tricky lawyers, who constantly secure acquittals through some technicality or flaw in the indictment; also to the wording of many of the laws, by which the accused is hedged round with safeguards and the prosecution with difficulties. All these causes combined drove the ranchman, the stockman, and the gold-miner, in sheer despair to form a mutual Association among themselves to protect their hardly earned property and their lives from the scoundrels and human beasts of prey who fattened off them, and who ruthlessly shot them down in cold blood if they remonstrated.

The Vigilantes have a thorough system of their own of private inquiry and espionage as well. Many a thief has mentally wondered, with much unnecessary profanity, how it was known that he had appropriated some neighbor's calf, colt or horse. This Committee does not work outside its district, save in special cases. Committees assist each other when required to do so. In heavy cases Committees will join together. In such an event, from five hundred to a thousand men can be centred at any given spot on very short notice. When action is needed, every member must attend the rendezvous, absolute incapacity from illness being the only excuse admitted. All business and pleasure matters must stand to one side. The members are bound to secrecy, and to help and assist each other in cases of emergency—to an extreme limit. No one is admitted as a member unless he is well reported by other members. An executive Committee is formed of picked men only, who do all the preliminary work, do it skilfully and thoroughly, and do not state the result of their labors until on the eve of carrying out their plans. By this means, the chances of indiscreet members babbling is lessened, as they know nothing about the time of action until the time arrives.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The conflagration of the scaffolds intended for fireworks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI. is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but on the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his betrothed, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror and peril each moment grew. "I am sinking," she said; "my strength fails! I can go no farther!" "There is yet a way," cried the lover, in despair; "get on my shoulders!" He found that his advice had been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loved redoubled his ardor and strength. He resisted the most violent concussions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast, he with difficulty forced his way through the crowd. At length he cleared it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turned round. It was a different person! Another, more active, had taken advantage of his recommendation. His beloved was no more!

THIN SHOES.—An old story this, you say, but worth repeating, for all that. An eminent physician calls attention to the fact that while as a rule ladies who go out shopping are all warmly clad, many in sealskin and plush ulsters and sacks, few of them have suitable foot gear. It is almost invariable that women with heavy sealskin garments wear thin morocco or thin leather shoes, with soles like wafers. He says, "We are called on every day to treat cases of pneumonia and severe attacks of lung troubles and colds, which are traceable directly to the foolish and fatal habit of wearing thin foot coverings. Women are vain of their feet, and will not don comfortable calfskins or thick soles. Neither will they wear rubbers, except in wet weather, and then not always. The pavements are terrible places for women to walk without suitable foot gear. They are calculated to send a chill all over the body, and then, with their present habits in this regard, ladies wonder why they are so often afflicted. The reason is very simple."

CARE.—The proper disposition of mind with which to connect ourselves with the unseen and the unknown, towards which our aspiration go out with spontaneous constancy, is trust in the trustworthiness which comprehends and governs the whole dispensation of which this life is but the initiatory part. Care is the condition of mind which grows out of the absence or non-exercise of that trust. It is the self-torturing misapplication of that endowment of our being, which, rightly applied, was designed to lay in us the foundations of noble character and enduring happiness. When self has surrendered itself at discretion, care, which is but the forecast shadow of self-will, disappears with it, and the manhood within us enters upon a blessed rest.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS

A. A.—Lorenzo Dow was a celebrated Methodist clergyman, noted for his peculiarities, born in 1777, and died in 1834.

W. G.—Ladies should never invite new acquaintances to visit them until they ascertained whether they are fit persons to enjoy that privilege.

G. R. R.—It is customary, though not obligatory, for a lady to thank her escort for the pleasure afforded while in his company at a ball, theatrical performance, or other form of entertainment.

D. A.—The authorship of the oft quoted phrase—

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady"

is uncertain. It was used by various writers over three hundred years ago, and has been in constant requisition during the last three centuries.

P. P.—To stain wood like ebony, take a solution of sulphate of iron (green copperas) and wash the wood over with it two or three times; let it dry, and apply two or three coats of a strong decoction of logwood; wipe the wood, when dry, with a sponge and water, and polish with linseed oil.

L. L. P.—The coast of Honduras was discovered by Columbus in 1502. The country was taken possession of by Cortez in 1526. It entered into the Central American Confederation in 1823, but became an independent Republic in 1839. It is now governed by a President, a single Minister, and an Assembly of thirty-seven Representatives.

E. W.—To petrify wooden objects, take equal quantities of rock salt, rock alum, white vinegar, chalk and pebbles powdered. Mix all these ingredients, and ebullition will ensue. After it has ceased, throw some wooden objects into this liquid, and let them soak for four or five days, at the end of which time they will be transformed into petrifactions.

R. E. A. D.—The balm of Gilead is another name for the balsam of Mecca or of Syria. The balsam has a yellowish or greenish color, a warm and somewhat bitter aromatic taste, and a fragrant smell, and is the product of a tree indigenous to Arabia and Abyssinia. It is valued as an odoriferous ointment or cosmetic by the Turks. The term balm of Gilead is also applied to a species of American poplar; also to a fir tree, from which a resin is obtained and sold as Canada balsam.

K. G.—Yes, Hamlet was taken from a Danish historical tradition. The name, it is believed, was suggested to Shakespeare by that of his only son, who died while his father was writing this play. The son's name was Hamnet. His death plunged the great dramatist in despair. Shakespeare had many causes for unhappiness. He had to bear the penalty of success, in the malice of envious enemies, who called him "a crow decked in borrowed plumes." He was not congenially married, and he was supposed to have fallen hopelessly in love with a lady of rank.

L. V.—Time balls are balls which fall at a particular moment of time. They are usually set in some high and conspicuous place, and where they can be seen by the multitude, and are connected by delicate machinery and electrical wires with a clock which keeps accurate time. At the moment the ball is to fall, say precisely at noon, the machinery attached to the clock is brought in contact with the electric battery and wire that connects with the ball, and the ball falls instantaneously; and by its fall the fact that it is precisely 12 o'clock noon, is communicated to the public.

ROSEY.—If you mean by frost-bites the effects of actual freezing of the hands, the treatment is the same as for a burn. Use olive oil and cooling lotions to relieve the pain, and keep the hand well wrapped in cotton wool until it heals. Perhaps, however, you only have the red and itching swellings of the fingers known as chilblains. If so, use strong vinegar to allay the itching, bathe the fingers in a lotion of equal parts of spirits of camphor and solution of acetate of lead (remember acetate of lead is poison, if taken internally), wear warm gloves, and, above all, keep your hands away from the fire when you come into the house feeling cold.

IF YOU'LL LET HIM.

BY AD. H. GIBSON.

If you'll let him,
His love will bring you sweetest peace,
From deepest sorrow swift release.

If you'll let him,
His love will light your heavy heart,
And bid the darkest care depart.

If you'll let him,
His love will woo the wanderer back
From evil's barren mountain track.

If you'll let him,
His love will change the erring one
A purer, nobler life to run.

An Ocean Mystery.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

THE "Enterprise," outward bound to New Zealand, was rippling through the deep blue waters of the South Atlantic Ocean, with a light breeze from the south-west, which kept her moving at the rate of four knots an hour. Here and there the dancing waves were crested with a dash of creamy froth; and a long streak of gray light was showing itself amidst the clouds in the distant east, as the dusky night slowly and reluctantly gave place to dawn. Presently, an old quartermaster lurched sleepily along the deck and peered down the companion hatch at the cabin timepiece. Finding that it was four o'clock, he returned forward with a livelier step and struck eight bells. The clear chimes echoed in the keen frosty air with a silver-like intonation; the shrill notes of the boatswain's whistle were heard rousing up the men of the port watch; the hands came aft to muster; lookout and helmsman were relieved; the starboard watch went below; and then the decks became again deserted, as though the momentary bustle and life and movement were but caused by the magic wave of an enchanter's wand. In a few minutes the only audible sounds were the occasional rattling of the wheel-chains, and the mournful creaking of the yards as the vessel swayed gently to the long heave of the Atlantic billows.

In the meantime the chief-officer had made his appearance on deck, and was standing with the second at the break of the poop. After receiving the usual information about the course, the number of sails set, etc., and commenting upon the weather, he suddenly started a conversation, the subject of which had evidently been in the thoughts of both of them before.

"I can't understand it," he said. "Here are we in the fifty fourth degree of south latitude, and the skipper is still making a southerly course. We shall be amongst the ice soon. I shall give him a hint about it when he takes sights after breakfast."

The second-mate looked cautiously around, as though to make sure that no one else was within hearing, and leaning close over to the chief officer, said in a low voice: "Have you noticed anything strange about the captain's manner lately, Mr. Wilson? He was always quiet and standoffish like; but during the last few days he has spoken and acted at times in such a strange way that I have sometimes fancied he was—a little"——Here the second mate touched his forehead significantly.

"Well," replied the mate, after a pause, "I don't mind admitting that I have noticed it for some weeks past; but I thought it best to keep quiet, in case I was mistaken. But don't breathe a word to a soul, (for those fits of abstraction may only be a peculiarity of his, after all."

"But the strange look in his eyes"——insisted the second-mate.

"Mr. Martin, we must not jump to hasty conclusions," returned the chief. "What I want first of all to find out is—why are we steering so far to the southward?"

"I hope he'll give a satisfactory reason," replied Martin as he turned to go below; "for I've made nine voyages to the colonies, and was never so far south before."

At seven o'clock the captain came on deck, and after exchanging a few words with the chief officer, walked to the starboard side and looked long and earnestly towards the southern point of the horizon. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a sunburnt and rather handsome face, a square, resolute-looking jaw, and long iron-gray hair, a lock of which, in moments of excitement, he had a curious habit of twisting round his fingers. But the eyes, which were of a steely gray and very piercing, were the distinctive feature of his face, principally on account of the singular expression which dwelt in them. It is hard to describe it—a sort of restless, eager look, as though for ever on the watch for some one or something that he had been long expecting to meet. His age, according to the ship's articles, was thirty-six, though he looked eight or ten years older; and although usually of a somewhat reserved disposition, speaking little to his officers, except on matters of duty, yet at times, when he "came out of his shell," as the second mate expressed it, he could be a most agreeable companion, as he was fairly well read, and had visited many queer, out-of-the-way places in the remote corners of the earth. Professionally, he was as capable and gallant a seaman as ever trod a deck.

Having apparently satisfied himself that nothing was in sight, he took a few impatient turns up and down the quarter-deck, and then crossed over to where the chief-officer was standing.

"Mr. Wilson," he said, speaking very slowly, and regarding his chief-officer with a strange, steadfast look, 'I have something to tell you which will explain my reasons for taking a much more southerly course than is usual with outward-bound vessels. I was thinking the matter over last night, and then decided to take you into my confidence."

There was something in Captain Robert's manner and in the expression of his eyes that startled the chief-officer, and yet for the life of him he could not have told why. However, he said nothing, but inwardly wondering what it was the captain had to tell him, waited for him to proceed.

"It was in the year 1875," he began, "that I was in command of a small steamer on the Australian coast. I had taken her out from England when she was new, and at the request of the owners, remained in her after our arrival at Adelaide. I had left my wife behind me in London: but as, after a time I decided to make my home out in the colonies, I sent for her to join me. She sailed from Liverpool in a barque called the "Lord Clive," on the 10th of December 1875; that vessel never arrived at her destination—only once, from that day to this, has ever been heard of." Here the captain paused, and stood for a few minutes gazing out to sea, as though lost in thought.

"Was the 'Lord Clive' lost, sir?" the chief officer ventured to inquire, finding the skipper still remained silent.

"They say so," he replied. "The last time she was seen, or at least spoken with, was by a whaler, in latitude fifty-four degrees south, and longitude ten degrees east, somewhere near the supposed position of the Bouvet Islands; though what she was doing there, I can't imagine, unless she had been driven out of her course by a succession of northerly gales. That was nine years and a half ago, and she has never been heard of since. The owners, underwriters, indeed everybody I have spoken with on the subject, seem convinced that she is lost; in fact, the captain's wife has married again; but I believe the 'Lord Clive' is still afloat, and that my wife is on board of her—alive!"

The chief mate started, and stared at his commander with astonishment, not unmixed with a slight feeling of alarm, for whatever doubts he may have previously had on the subject of the captain's sanity, it now became evident to him that on one subject at least he was mad. To suppose that a ship which had not been heard of for nine and a half years was still afloat, and people alive on board of her, struck the practical chief-officer as out of the bounds of reason.

"I went home to England," continued Captain Roberts, and the tone of his voice showed that he was laboring under suppressed excitement, "and interviewed the owners of the 'Lord Clive,' offering to take command of a ship without pay, if they would place one at my disposal, and go in search of her. But they would not listen to me, for by that time the insurance had been paid, and they took no further interest in the vessel's fate. I have made eight voyages out to the colonies since then—for I will never trade anywhere else, and I can't get command of a whaler—and every time, I go a long way to the southward in the hope of meeting the 'Lord Clive,' for I expect she got down amongst the ice and was frozen in. But some day she'll break away and drift out into the open sea again; and I should like to be the first to board that ship, to meet my wife, and welcome her back to the world once more. For she is not dead, sir, I tell you, Mr. Wilson"—with an impatient stamp of his foot and a wild gleam in his eye—"she can't be dead; we only parted for a time—only for a time—and I feel as sure as I am standing here, that we shall meet again."

"But not in this world," muttered the chief officer under his breath.

The captain turned to walk aft, but his steps were arrested by a shout from a man who was about some job on the main yard: "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" roared the mate from the break of the poop.

"Broad on the starboard bow, sir,' replied the man.

The captain seized his glass from the companion hatch and hurried to the weather mizzen rigging, followed by Mr. Wilson. On the utmost verge of the horizon, where the gray blue waters seemed to finish in a sharp clear-cut line against the paler sky, a small dash of white, barely the size of a sea-gull's wing, was visible. For the space of three minutes the captain gazed at it, then, closing his telescope with a snap, he took a few hurried paces on the deck. After a few moments of this restless kind of walk, he again pointed his telescope at the strange sail. "We're rising her; don't you think so, Mr. Wilson?" he exclaimed.

"It is scarcely possible to tell yet, sir," replied Wilson, "she has been in sight so short a time."

"I am going below to examine the chart," continued the captain; and despite the assumed calmness of his tone, it was evident that he was strongly excited.

"Keep her up a couple of points; we must overhaul yonder craft, for I want to speak her, and—if I am not on deck before—let me know when you can make out her hull."

Two hours passed, and the "Enterprise," slipping smoothly and cleverly through the water, closed up to within three miles of the strange ship, which appeared to be drifting helplessly upon the ocean. She had only one rag of a sail, which fluttered heavily in the breeze, and her mizzen-mast and foretopmast were gone. As they drew still nearer, the chief officer was struck with the strange, dismantled appearance of her spars and rigging. Captain Roberts came on deck and looked thirstily at her through his telescope.

"Clear away the cutter!" he shouted, and the clear, sharp intonation of his voice seemed to fetch an echo from the hollows of the sails.

The men came aft in obedience to the order, and as the second-mate went to see to the execution of it, he was stopped by the captain, who said: "I shall want you in the boat with me, Mr. Martin, and three picked men."

"Very good, sir."

The vessels were now within half a mile of each other, and the order was given to "heave to!" The wind had died away to a light air with almost startling suddenness, but the horizon to the north-west was blurred and indistinct with a sort of gray, smoke-like haze.

While the boat was getting ready, the captain was pacing the deck with restless and feverish impatience, at times pausing in his hurried perambulation to gaze at the other vessel with an eager, longing look, as board of her he could see the form of some dearly loved person whom he had long been parted from. Presently he stepped up to the chief-officer, and touching him on the shoulder, pointed to the strange vessel, and in a voice trembling with excitement, said: "Just look through your glass, Wilson, and see if you can make out anybody on her quarter-deck—a woman."

"I can see nobody; the ship is evidently deserted," the chief replied as he handed the telescope to the captain.

"Deserted! Man, are you blind? Can't you see the flutter of a woman's dress?" he cried, with fierce impatience. Then stretching out his arm, and pointing towards the drifting vessel: "That ship is the "Lord Clive;" and my wife, I have every reason to believe, is there, sir. I saw her figure but this minute, and I should know her even at this distance. Yes, I have found her at last—I have found her at last!"

Wilson's honest sunburnt face wore an expression of the utmost astonishment and pity, and he was about to make some sort of a reply, when the second-mate came aft and reported the boat as ready.

Captain Roberts without another word entered it and took his seat in the stern-sheets; but the chief-officer managed to convey a hint of the skipper's mad fancy to the second before the boat shoved off. "Look well after him," he whispered; "for God knows what he will do when he finds no one on board that ship, as I feel confident will be the case."

As they approached her, Martin observed that her hull was terribly weather-beaten—some shreds of sails hung from her top sail yards, and ragged ends of rigging and running gear hung over her side. There was ice, too, about her, although the thermometer was scarcely down to freezing-point, a pretty conclusive proof that she had but recently drifted up from the desolate frozen seas that encircle the South Pole. The captain occasionally muttered something to himself; his face was flushed, as though with some pleasurable anticipation, and his bright eyes burned with a wild light, but all the time he kept his gaze fixed upon the after-part of the dismantled barque.

Presently the boat swept under her counter; the name which had been painted on her stern was partially obliterated; but Martin's heart gave a big thump when he saw that the letters which remained—evidently the final ones, were—"ive." Was it the "Lord Clive," after all?

"In bow! Way enough!" he roared. They were alongside!

The captain swung himself lightly into the main chains, then climbed over the rail on to the deck. The second-officer was about to follow him, but the skipper waved him back. "Wait until I call for you, Mr. Martin," he said; and then he disappeared. For about twenty minutes that boat's crew held alongside, but the captain made no sign, although at times they fancied they could hear him moving about the decks. Suddenly they were startled by a loud cry, which seemed to come from the cabin. Sharp and shrill it rang upon the air, with a note of grief and agony in the ghastly sound of it, such as might have been the last cry of a lost soul. Sailors are usually superstitious, and that awful scream, coming as it did from the heart, as it were, of that mysterious vessel, caused the sunburnt faces of the boat's crew to blanch with fear. Even the second-mate, who was a hard-headed practical man, felt an eerie feeling creeping over him, and it was some few minutes before he could muster up courage to leave the boat and try to find out the cause of that awe-inspiring cry; but after a short hesitation, he clambered up the side.

There was no sign of a living soul upon her decks, which had been swept nearly bare by the seas. A piece of canvas fluttered from the stump of the mizzen-mast, and it was probably that which Captain Roberts' mad fancy had transformed into a woman's dress, when he saw it from the deck of the "Enterprise." He had evidently gone down below; and Martin, as he stood by the companion hatch of the deserted ship, had an inward feeling that he was about to assist at some weird tragedy.

Before going below, Martin took a look round the horizon, and what he saw there caused him more real apprehension than any of the undefined terrors of the mysterious ship. Away to the north west the horizon was blotted out by a gray smother of vapor, which was rapidly spreading itself in all directions. There was considerably more weight in the swell, too, and the wind gave out a hollow moaning sound as it swept through the rigging. Martin rushed to the taffrail and shouted: "Come on board here, one hand!"

In answer to his call, one of the men scrambled up on deck.

"Keep a lookout while I go below and search for the captain; and let me know before that smother gets too close on top of us," pointing to the white mist that was steadily coming down on them.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

On descending the companion stairs, the second-mate found himself in a moderately sized saloon with sleeping cabins on either side, and some lockers aft by the stern ports. There was a table in the centre, and a skylight overhead which admitted enough light to enable him to see clearly. A small hatch was open on the starboard side aft, apparently leading to a sort of lazarette. By the side of this hatch a dark figure was lying, face downwards. It was Captain Roberts! Martin stooped down and lifted his arm, but it was limp and lifeless; he then turned him over and endeavored to raise him to a sitting posture, but with a shudder he let him fall, for he was quite dead. What sudden shock had caused his death, cannot be told; but firmly grasped in his right hand he held a faded white shawl of some soft material, such as women wear over their shoulders, and his features were distorted by an expression of horror hard to be described. What had he seen?

Fancying he heard a slight rustling sound in the lazarette, Martin peered down the small hatch, but it was so pitch dark that he could see nothing. Was there anything down there that might help to solve the mystery? Just then the hoarse voice of the seaman was heard in a warning shout: "Come on deck, Mr. Martin, quick! or we shall be adrift!"

The second-officer rushed up the companion ladder on to the quarter-deck and cast one sharp look to windward. There was a dense bank of fog not much more than a mile distant, and a dark shadow on the sea showed that wind accompanied it.

"Come and help me to lift the captain up on deck," he cried to the man who had been keeping watch.

"Where is he, sir?"

"In the cabin—lying there—dead!"

"Dead? Then the living come first, sir," replied the man gruffly as he ran towards the side. "If we don't clear out of this now, we shall lose our ship, and be cast adrift in this cursed hulk." With that he climbed over into the boat.

The second-mate hesitated for a moment, scarcely knowing what course to pursue, when the seaman yelled to him again, in a voice half wild with impatience and fear; "Jump into the boat, Mr. Martin, or we'll shove off."

The words had scarcely left his lips, when the wind, with a sort of mocking shriek, swept through the rigging of the derelict, and a few moments later the fog was swirling all round them. Martin sprang over the side into the boat, and the men commenced pulling madly in the direction where the "Enterprise" had last been seen. For five minutes they pulled on with all their strength, the sweat pouring down their faces, then they eased up a bit, and the man who was at the after-oar asked the second-mate if he could make out their vessel.

Martin strained his eyes to perceive the surrounding gloom, but was obliged to acknowledge that he could see no sign of either ship.

"Then, sir, we're hopelessly adrift now, without a drain of water or a mouthful of food," cried the man, with a ring of passionate despair in the tone of his voice.

"Keep cool, my lads, and pull steadily on; we shall fetch the old 'Enterprise' right enough,' said Martin.

At that moment a dull boom was heard right ahead.

"There goes a gun from our ship to show us our whereabouts," sang out the second-mate; "give way, my lads!"

The men pulled with a will; and five minutes later the "Enterprise" loomed up out of the fog close aboard of them. A line was thrown, the boat hauled alongside, and in a few minutes they were all standing safely on her decks.

Martin reported to the chief officer everything that had occurred; but as the wind and sea were rising fast, and the driving mist obscured everything from view, the only thing that could be done was to heave the ship to until the weather

cleared a bit. All night long it continued to blow hard; but about nine o'clock the next morning the wind fell light again, and the fog lifted a little, although it was still very thick all round the horizon, and it was not possible to see a greater distance than two miles. All hands were on deck, peering into the dim obscurity, to get a glimpse of the derelict in which lay the body of their unfortunate captain; but to no purpose.

About two o'clock in the afternoon it came on to rain heavily, beating all the life out of the wind, while the gray sea rose and fell with long sullen heavings. The "Enterprise" still remained "hove to," as it was quite useless attempting a search while the weather remained so thick. So it continued all the following night, until shortly after day; break on the second morning, when the rain ceased, the clouds and mists drifted away, as the sun rose gaily above a clear horizon. The whole wide expanse of ocean was now visible, and sharp-sighted men were despatched to the masthead on the lookout; but no sign either of ship or wreckage rewarded their search. A light breeze sprang up from the south-west, and four days they cruised about these waters; then the chief-officer reluctantly abandoned the search as a hopeless one, and the "Enterprise" proceeded on her voyage to New Zealand.

There can be little room for doubt that the derelict barque foundered during the gale of wind on that eventful night; and if indeed she was the ill-fated "Lord Clive," which after nine long years of imprisonment in the ice, had at last broken loose and drifted into the ocean highway, then the strange meeting between between those two ships was more than a mere coincidence.

The men who were in the boat to this day declare that it was a woman's voice which uttered that startling cry; but whether their statement is correct, and what it was Captain Roberts saw in the barque's deserted cabin that left that expression of horror on his face, are mysteries deep and unfathomable as the ocean where he lies at rest.

THE BLACK DEATH.

IT IS only within quite recent years that the relative importance of the tremendous pestilence which devastated Europe in the middle of the fourteenth century has been adequately realized by historians. Occurring, as it did, between the battles of Crecy and Poitiers, at a period usually regarded as the most brilliant in the long reign of Edward the Third, it has been treated with comparative silence by English writers. Hume dismisses it in a few sentences, and even John Richard Green only devotes to it a couple of pages. Professor Seebohm was the first to call attention to the importance of the subject; and since then much light has been thrown upon the calamity by Dr. Jessopp, the late Professor Thorold Rogers, Dr. Cunningham, and other writers. It has been reserved, however, for Dr. Gasquet to arrange and summarize the results of their labors, and to present, in a connected form, the terrible story of the most frightful calamity that has ever overtaken the world.

The great pestilence, commonly known as the Black Death, which reached Europe in the autumn of 1347, seems to have been raging in the East for some three or four years previously. In China, where it occasionally reappears even to the present day, more than thirteen millions are said to have died of it, while India was almost depopulated. In 1346 it appeared among the Tartar host besieging the city of Caffa in the Crimea, who communicated, with terrible effect, the disease to the defenders, by throwing the bodies of the dead over the walls into the city. From Caffa the infection was carried, probably by trading ships, to Constantinople; and, having devastated Turkey and Greece, the pestilence burst upon Sicily in October, 1347, with such terrible severity that in the language of a contemporary writer, "the father abandoned the sick son; magistrates and notaries refused to come to make the wills of the dying; even the priests to hear their confessions."

The special symptoms of the disease seem to have been everywhere the same. Carbuncles, sometimes as large as hens' eggs, sometimes smaller, appeared in the axilla or the groin, accompanied usually, but not always, with gangrenous inflammation of the throat and lungs, and with spitting of blood. This latter was the fatal symptom. "From the carbuncles and glandular swellings," says a contemporary writer, "many recovered; from the blood-spitting none." The infection was so swift and deadly that the slightest contact, even with the clothes of the sick person, served to communicate it. Boccaccio tells a story to the effect that the rags of a poor man just dead having been thrown into the street, two hogs came by at the moment and began to root among them, shaking them in their jaws. In less than an hour they both fell down, and died on the spot. Another Italian writer, himself a sufferer from the pestilence, relates his personal experience. "And here," he says, "I can give my testimony. A certain man bled me, and the blood flowing touched his face. On that same day he was taken ill, and the next he died; and by the mercy of God I have escaped."

Early in 1348 the great pestilence reached Italy. Some plague-stricken vessels from the East brought the infection to Genoa and Venice, and from these two places the disease quickly spread over the entire country. At Venice seventy out of every hundred of the population died, while at Genoa hardly one seventh of the inhabitants were spared.

The plague seems to have been conveyed to France, as to Italy, by the Genoese vessel from Caffa, which put into the port of Marseilles. And in England, as in Italy, the mortality was fearful.

In Spain, the Queen of Aragon was one of the earliest victims; and Alphonso the Eleventh soon followed. A pilgrim, returning home through Galicia, reached a town named Salvaterra, where, says Li Muisio, "after supping with the host—who, with two daughters and one servant, were not conscious of any sickness upon them—he settled with him for his entertainment, and went to bed. Next morning, rising early and wanting something, the traveler could make no one hear. Then he learnt from an old woman he found in bed, that the host, his two daughters, and servant had died in the night." At Spalatro, in Dalmatia, to add to the horrors of the situation, packs of wolves descended from the mountains, and openly attacked the survivors. Some of the Swiss valleys were almost depopulated by the pestilence. In Holland people died walking in the streets. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark received the infection from England. A London vessel, with all its crew dead on board, drifted ashore at Bergen in Norway. From Bergen the epidemic quickly spread over the entire country. Whole districts were depopulated, and "forests grew where there had once been churches and villages." In the capital of Sweden "the streets were strewn with corpses," and among the victims were the two brothers of the King.

Rumors of the coming scourge reached England in the early part of 1348, and in the month of August the first case occurred at Melcombe Regis, in Dorsetshire. The infection was probably conveyed by trading vessels plying between that port and Calais. Having established itself at Melcombe Regis, the pestilence rapidly spread over Dorset, Devon, and Somerset, sweeping down the inhabitants by thousands.

In Bristol the living were scarcely able to bury the dead, and the grass grew several inches high in High Street and Broad Street. The plague reached London about the end of October, and for six months the mortality was fearful. Bearers could not be found to carry the dead; and there, as on the Continent, men and women "bore their own offspring on their shoulders and cast them into the common pit." "In the same year," says an old chronicler, "there was a great mortality of sheep everywhere in the kingdom; so much so, that in one place there died in one pasture more than five thousand sheep, and they were so putrid that neither beast nor bird would touch them."

With regard to the mortality among the people generally, the best authorities are substantially agreed that, in round numbers, one half of the people of England were swept away. The poor people were the chief sufferers. "It is well known," wrote the late Professor Thorold Rogers, "that the Black Death, in England at least, spared the rich and took the poor. And no wonder. Living as the peasantry did in close, unclean huts, with no rooms above ground, without windows, artificial light, soap, linen; ignorant of certain vegetables, constrained to live half the year on salt meat; scurvy, leprosy and other diseases, which are engendered by hard living and the neglect of every sanitary precaution, were endemic among the population." The scarcity of laborers was so great that more than a third part of the land remained uncultivated; and "women, and even small children, might be seen with the plough and leading the wagons." It would be interesting and instructive to trace the effect of the Black Death upon the social and religious condition of the people, and to notice the marvellous recovery which almost immediately followed the disappearance of the pestilence.

A SCOTTISH piper, whose religious education had been neglected, had been indulging himself in a tune on the pipes on a Sunday, when a minister chanced to be passing his house. He thought it his duty to go in and admonish the offender. "What was that I was hearing, Dugald?" "Weel, maybe you wad be hearing the pipes." "But do you not know what day this is?" "Ay; what for wadna I know it?" "Dugald, do you remember the Fourth Commandment?" "Na, minister, I canna say that I do; but if ye wad whusht I micht try to play it to ye."

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Our Young Folks.

TWO MAMMAS.

BY T. D. F.

ON one side of the wall a small girl sat all alone sighing to herself, quite unconscious of the fact that on the other side of the wall, in the garden next door, a boy and girl were busily engaged in talking her over.

"Who is she?" said the boy.

"I'm sure I don't know," said the girl. "She must be a stranger—Mrs. Thompson hasn't any children."

"She's been sitting there for quite half an hour. I should like to make her jump."

The girl smiled. "So should I, Robert."

"May?" said the boy.

"Robert?" said the girl.

"The big syringe!" said the children together, and then they hastily disappeared into the house.

The girl on the other side of the wall was sighing deeply.

"If only I had a doll with big blue eyes and fair hair—real hair—dressed like a little girl—a doll called Mildred Alice!"

Then she walked to the wall, and by standing on tip-toe she could see over it.

The boy and girl were disappearing into the house, but she did not trouble about them, for in a basket-chair in the middle of the grass was seated a large doll.

"Blue eyes, fair hair, dressed like a little girl. Her name must be Mildred Alice," said the little girl. "I will ask them to lend her to me for two minutes"; and she began scrambling up the wall so fast, that nobody would have believed she was the same girl who had been sighing so loudly ten minutes before.

She was on the top of the wall, about to climb down on the other side, when she saw the boy and girl coming back into the garden.

"There she is!" shouted the boy.

"On the wall," said the girl.

"Shoot! Bang! Fire!" shouted the boy. He raised the big syringe into the air and fired.

There was a sudden splash, a shout, and a scream.

The girl disappeared from the wall.

"What happened?" whispered Robert. "Did it hit her?"

"Some of it went in my eye," said May.

"I didn't mean to really hit her. I wonder what she'll do?" said Robert. "Do you think she'll go in and tell Mrs. Thompson? If she does——"

"Peep over, and see if you can see her," said May.

Robert climbed up the wall.

"Gone in to tell," he said. "Well, perhaps we'd better go in too."

"Well, we're in for it," said May. "You were silly to go and squirt the water all over her—I shouldn't have liked it."

"But you wouldn't have told," said Robert. "We'll have nothing to do with her; she can't be a nice girl."

The two walked up the garden slowly, thinking of the scolding in store for them.

They were no sooner out of sight than once more the girl climbed on to the wall. She had not "gone in to tell"; she had been hiding behind a thick bush beneath the wall.

She had heard Robert's remarks, and had decided in her own mind that the children next door were very unkind and rude. She had also come to the conclusion that it would be no use to ask them to lend her the big doll, and she had determined to borrow it without asking.

She dropped down from the wall into the next garden, ran across to the chair, seized the doll, and made her way back over the wall, up the garden, into the house, into her bed-room.

She had only time to hide the doll under the bedclothes before she heard someone calling.

Mrs. Thompson, her aunt, was holding a letter in her hand.

"Letty," she said, "our next-door neighbor has written to invite you to play with her children, Robert and May; they are very well-behaved, and I shall be glad. Why, how wet you are!"

"I don't think they are nice," said Letty. "I don't want to play with them. Besides, I can't play with them this morning; I want to play with Mildred Alice."

"Who is Mildred Alice?" said Mrs. Thompson looking puzzled.

There was a loud knock at the door.

"She is the doll I borrowed," said Letty. "You borrowed a doll, and yet you don't want to play with the children who were so very kind as to lend it?" said Mrs. Thompson.

"They didn't know I have it," said Letty. "I climbed over the wall and fetched it."

"My dear Letty," said Mrs. Thompson, "how wrong of you! We must take it back at once. Fetch the doll, and you shall go with me and tell——"

"If you please, ma'm, Mrs. Lewis says can she speak to you a minute," said the housemaid.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Thompson. "Come, Letty, this is very fortunate."

And before Letty exactly realized what was going to happen, she found herself in the drawing room, in the same room with a lady and a boy and girl. The boy and girl were looking very uncomfortable, staring down at the carpet, and though Mrs. Thompson said cheerfully, "Good morning, Robert; good morning, May," they did not either of them look up.

As for Letty, as soon as she heard the names "Robert" and "May," she thought she knew what was going to happen, and began to speak quickly—

"I only borrowed her; I would have put her back," she said. "I wanted her so badly, and you can't love her much, or you wouldn't have left her alone. Aunt says it was naughty, but I didn't mean to be naughty." She began to cry, and ran out of the room.

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Thompson, "she really is sorry. Mrs. Lewis——"

But Mrs. Lewis was looking very astonished, and Robert and May were staring at one another.

"What does she mean?" said Mrs Lewis

Letty came hurrying into the room with the doll in her arms.

"Isabella!" exclaimed May.

"It's another doll," said Robert. "Isabella is in the garden."

Then Mrs. Thompson explained. It was Letty's turn to look uncomfortable, and to feel uncomfortable too, for, when she heard her aunt telling how she had climbed over the wall, and taken a doll that belonged to somebody else, it sounded as if she had meant to be very naughty.

"So I am afraid you won't care to play with such a naughty girl," said Mrs. Thompson.

"We were naughty too," said May. "Tell her, mother."

"We seem all in trouble to-day, Mrs. Thompson," said Mrs. Lewis. "I was going to say that I thought you would not care for Letty to play with these rude young people. They came to apologize for squirting water at your niece."

"Letty didn't say anything about that," said her aunt.

"And she's a brick!" said Robert.

"I think we must all forgive and forget," said Mrs. Lewis.

May held out one of the doll's hands to Letty.

"Come into our garden and play with her," she said.

Letty did not need to be asked twice, and two minutes later the two girls were dancing round and round, with the doll between them.

"I thought she was such a quiet child," said Mrs. Thompson.

"I'm glad she is not too quiet," said Mrs. Lewis.

"So am I," said Robert; and he made his way over the wall to join the girls.

"I've given her half of Isabella Mildred Alice," called May. "Some mammas have two children, you know, Robert; but this child is to have two mammas."

HE WAS NOT COURT MARTIALED.—Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, was over at the White House one day with some important papers for President Jackson to sign, among them being a court-martial findings. "Cass, what is this?" inquired Jackson, as he was about to write his name to the document. "It is a court-martial," answered Cass. "What have I to do with it?" asked the President. "It dismisses an officer from the service, and the President must sign such orders." Jackson toyed with the paper and said, musingly: "Dismiss him from the army, eh? Why?" "Drunkenness; getting drunk and falling down on parade, or something of that kind," answered the Secretary. "Who ordered the court?" asked Jackson. "General Scott," answered Cass. "Who is it?" inquired the President, with more interest. "Inspector General Kraun," replied Cass. "What?" shouted Jackson; "my old friend Kraun? Cass, just read what that says." The Secretary read the usual form of the court martial sentence in such cases. The President then took the paper and wrote across the bottom, where he was about to sign his name: "The within findings are disapproved, and Colonel Kraun is restored to his duty and rank." He passed the paper back to Secretary Cass, and said, with vehemence: "Cass, when you and Scott serve your country as well as that man has, you can get drunk on duty every day."

HOLLY.—In Derbyshire the tradition obtains that, according as the holly brought Christmas into a house is smooth or rough—"he" or "she," as it is called—the wife or the husband will be master; and in Worcestershire and Herefordshire holly that has adorned a church is much esteemed, under the belief that a small branch of it will ensure a lucky year to the possessor. In Elgin and Moray the country folk used to cut withes of both it and the mistletoe to ward off trouble, and in Germany of old, and probably enough still, the twigs, if consecrated, were believed to protect from lightning the house over the door of which they were suspended.

GOOD BIZ.—A gentleman was at a Scotch hotel for some time, and, when the bill was presented, noticed that he had been charged with a bottle of wine of a brand of which he had no recollection. He complained of the overcharge to the proprietor, who blandly remarked, "Very well, sir; I'll take it off. You see, the girl who got that bottle of wine from the cellar forgot to whom it had been served, so I charged it against every guest in the house. All who didn't have it will object, and the one who did will pay." "Well, but aren't you afraid that some one who didn't have it will pay too?" asked the gentleman. "No," was the reply; "I'm afraid they won't." Thirteen guests paid for that bottle of wine.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Icebergs sometimes last for 200 years.

Almost five-eighths of the steamers in the world are under the British flag.

The population of the German Empire is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

Wealthy classes of Japan regard it as undignified to ride a horse faster than a walk.

The great lava lake in the crater of Kilauea, Hawaiian Islands, sank 500 feet in one night.

There are said to have been five suicides in five years in Divinity Hall, Cambridge.

The annual consumption of tobacco in the United States is about 60 ounces to each inhabitant.

A Traverse, Mich., man has sold his apple crop this year for $10,000 and his cherries for $3000.

With the present optical instruments in use, it has been computed that 50,000,000 stars are rendered visible.

Economic writers declare that the income of the Czar of Russia is equal to $25,000 per day every day in the year.

In nine consecutive trans-Atlantic voyages this year the 12,000-ton Lucania has averaged a trifle over 25 miles an hour.

A guardian of the peace of Gardiner, Me., was recently found asleep by a townsman, who handcuffed him and relieved him of his valuables.

"Priam's bottle," found at Troy, is of pure gold, shaped almost exactly like the show-bottles seen in druggists' windows, and weighs one pound.

Experiments in pigeon flying recently made on the Italian torpedo-boat Aquila show that the average rate of flight was almost exactly a mile a minute.

Edgar Isbell, one of a party of excursionists to the Chicago drainage canal, was killed by a bowlder thrown into the air by dynamite for their amusement.

There are more than 20 counties in Ohio each with its county town in the centre of the county, and as many more with county towns only a few miles from the centre.

The Board of Education at Mt. Vernon, Ill., has decided that cigarette-smoking boys may not attend public schools. They must give up smoking or be expelled.

One of the largest eggs, probably, ever laid by a Plymouth Rock hen comes from the hennery of W. Hill at Wilmington. It weighs half a pound and measures 7¾ by 6¾ inches.

The number of consumptives in the German Empire is estimated at 1,500,000, of whom about 175,000 die annually. Berlin has an average of ten deaths daily from tuberculous disease.

A royal decree has been issued in Spain abolishing public executions. This step was rendered necessary by the disorders which followed the garroting of the Anarchist, Salvator Franch.

A wire message from New York to Auckland traverses a length of line of 19,123 miles, nearly three-fourths of which is submarine cable. It has to be repeated or rewritten 15 times.

Prof. Sedgwick has issued a book of 400 pages, giving the statistics of ghost seeing. Of 17,000 persons questioned, 1029 women and 655 men asserted that they had seen the ghosts of persons or animals.

From early times the Chinese seem to have been bridge-builders. It is stated that Chin-nong, the successor to Fou-hi, the reputed founder of civilization in China, about 2953 B. C., built bridges across navigable rivers.

Camels are now in general use throughout Australia. Within twenty-five years, by scientific breeding, a race has been produced larger in frame, sounder in wind and limb, and able to carry more weight than the Indian camels originally imported.

CODES AND CIPHER.

THE TELEGRAPHIC CODE, now so essential an adjunct to the foreign correspondence department of every business house, may be regarded as the legitimate and lineal descendant of the curious and complicated Cipher by whose aid the statesman of a past age secured his correspondence from the gaze of the unauthorized. But while the principal object of the cipher was secrecy, the objective point of the compiler and user of the telegraphic code is economy, though considerations of strict privacy are not lost sight of.

The necessity for some means of minimising the heavy cost of cable despatches is one of those self-evident propositions that require no emphasising. But for the telegraphic code, the cable would be as inaccessible to thousands of business people as the phonograph or any other of the high-priced developments of the electric science. Yet it is an every-day occurrence for the officials at the cable offices to encounter members of the trading community to whom the existence of such an economizer as the telegraphic code comes as a surprising revelation.

Cable clerks tell many amazing stories illustrative of the mingled prejudice and distrust manifested toward the use of a code by some people. There are many old-established mercantile houses, spending yearly hundreds of dollars on telegraphic communication with distant parts of the world, more than half of which might be saved by employing a code. But, from motives of old-fashioned conservatism, so difficult for the modern progressive mind to sympathize with, the principals prefer to adhere to the fully worded message, fondly believing that the extra length and cost will somehow ensure an immunity from mistake which they cannot conceive to be compatible with a message couched in few but meaningless trisyllables.

The constructive principle of an ordinary telegraphic code is very simple. The volume—necessarily large—consists of a collection of phrases and parts of sentences likely to be needed in framing a message. These phrases range from such essential colloquialisms as, "I am not able"—"If you are"—"Has just arrived"—"To-morrow afternoon"—to a lengthened description of the parts of a ship, engine, or machine; names, quantities, and qualities of goods, or of any subject on which business people may find it necessary to use the cable.

These sentences are arranged in dictionary order, and to each one is attached an arbitrary word, also running in alphabetical sequence for facility of reference. In coding a message, the sender first writes it out in full, then looks up in the code those phrases which most nearly express the same meaning, noting the code word standing for each particular phrase.

A message would be made up somewhat as follows: "We are not able to (accuracy) complete work in time (sardonic). Can you allow us (emulated) fortnight longer (estuaries)."

The words in parentheses representing the phrases that precede them would be telegraphed, thus reducing a message of fifteen words to four—plus address.

Nearly every leading business has its own code, specially adapted to its requirements. Shipping people generally use a bulky volume, in which is to be found probably every phrase or combination of common phrases likely to be needed in cabling despatches appertaining to shipping matters. A long message advising the owners of an accident to a vessel, detailing the parts damaged, extent of the injury, time and place of occurrence, with probable cost and duration of repairs, may be cabled with two or three code-words.

By the use of the Mining Code, another remarkable and exhaustive work, an engineer in Mexico can with two and even one word give his employers a detailed report of the progress of work, or describe with minuteness and accuracy a piece of machinery. A popular code used by London stock-brokers enables their New York correspondents to keep them informed of the fluctuations of over forty or fifty leading American stocks in a message of three or four words only.

The ingenuity displayed by code compilers in condensing a mass of detail into one word is often well-nigh marvelous. This species of code is known as the Combination. Its principles consist in dividing a subject into parts, giving each a number, then combining these several small numbers into one large one, and cabling it by means of its signal-word.

Suppose, for example, the subject to be an announcement of the arrival of a ship at a distant port, with a few details of the circumstances. The page of the code-book devoted to arrivals would be divided into, say five columns. In each column are written ninety-nine phrases applicable to possible circumstances.

Column 1 would contain the names of all the ships belonging to the firm, each being identified by a two-figure number (01 to 99). The second column would contain 99 phrases descriptive of some fact connected with the arrival, such as, "Arrived two hours overdue," "In tow of harbor tug." Each of the remaining columns is filled by likely phrases, similarly numbered, yielding 396 distinct statements regarding any one of the 99 vessels. In transmitting his message, the sender would pick from each column in turn a suitable sentence. Thus, from column 1, line 17, he would get the name of the vessel, Seagull; column 2 line 14 says, "Arrived at noon;" column 3, line 21, "Experienced bad weather; starboard lifeboat stove in;" column 4 line 16 "Captain Lurt, not seriously;" column 5, line 16, "Ship leaves to-night."

When this long report gets upon the cable, it is in the very abbreviated form of two words, "elegant buccaneer." The receiver on consulting his code find that the word stands for 17,142; the second, for 13,616. He ticks these off into five groups of two figures each, and is thus supplied with the numbers of five sentences that make up the message.

A CHINAMAN who has a good deal of influence in Mott and Pell streets, New York, recently explained the indifference of Chinamen in that city to the sad plight of their Emperor. "The fact is," he said, "that a great many of my countrymen in New York are fugitives. The oldest member of a family in China has the power of life or death over its members. If you offend your grandfather in China he may have you beheaded, cast into prisoned or exiled. The exiles here are men who have annoyed the respective heads of their families. Naturally they have no sympathy with the powers that be in China."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, who addressed the Sociological Congress at Paris upon the effect in England of education upon crime, says that since 1870 the number of children in English schools has increased from 1,500,000 to 5,000,000, and the number of persons in prison has fallen from 12,000 to 5000. The yearly average of persons sentenced to penal servitude for the worst crimes has declined from 3000 to 800.

THE YEAR'S DEATH.

BY R.

It is the midnight cold and drear;
The wind o'er hill and valley sweeps,
And weirdly moans, and wildly weeps
The passing of the dying Year.

It brought us joy and misery,
And hopes that died in bitter pain,
And love and grief, and loss and gain,
And blessings that we would not see.

For it is said, No crown, no cross,
And thorns attend the steps that tread
The upward path in hope and dread,
And loss is gain, and gain is loss.

We know not, but the thought is sweet
That, bending meekly to God's will,
Serene and calm and trustful still,
His light shall lead our weary feet!

MUSIC IN THE POETS.

IN an age so remarkable for literary activity as the Elizabethan age, when all the pent up energies of a nation's mind broke forth in the congenial atmosphere of peace, in an age which was ushered in by the gentle demigod, Spenser, and closed in the perpetual mood-day sun of an immortal, it would be strange indeed if the voice of the musical turtle were not heard in the land.

Although this unwonted musical activity existed side by side with the copious outpourings of the poetic muse, the references to music in the mass of the poetry of the time are surprisingly few. Perhaps because the poets still considered music but as the handmaid of poetry.

As if the muses were determined that their favorite should lack no "Season" which nature or art could bestow, Shakespeare stands before all Elizabethans for his knowledge of music—a sort of appreciation which in its perception of music in all its then known forms and phases, we might term democratic.

Among his dramas there are but four in which the word music does not occur. These are "King John," "Coriolanus," the most woful tragedy, "Macbeth," and the least charming comedy, "Merry Wives of Windsor." Yet, even in these, the border land of music is approached in the mention of "braying trumpets," "loud churlish drums," and so on. The tune of "Green Sleeves," a song which did not bear the best reputation, is mentioned in the "Merry Wives." Also Hecate and the Witches in Macbeth, indulge in a few songs and an "Antique Round" which is more music than we should expect of such unprepossessing beings as the witches.

It is never quite safe, however, to count upon a dramatist acting consistently with the dogmas of his characters: a man may smile and be a villain, for the most detestable of all his characters gives expression to his sinister motives in metaphors drawn from music. When Othello hopes that kisses will be the greatest discords his and Desdemona's hearts shall ever know, Iago mutters:

"Oh, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that makes this music."

The Duke in "Measure for Measure" makes a truer estimate of music's power than Lorenzo when he declares that "Music oft hath such a charm to make bad good, and good provoke to harm," and it would serve as a good guide to Shakespeare's employment of music.

Had we no other sources of information as to the intimate connection of music with the life of the time, we should find it reflected in Shakespeare's plays, not only by the frequent introduction of songs sung by the characters which, be it noted, are always relevant to the action, but by the introduction of professional musicians, such as figured in those days, and by the proneness of the characters to point their moral or adorn their philosophy with apt musical similes.

The historical plays have fewer musical allusions than either the tragedies or the comedies, but among the philosophizing brethren who hang their wise saws on musical pegs must be counted King Richard II., whose remark that music "has helped madman to their wits" presents the interesting problem as to whether Shakespeare really knew what modern physicians are becoming more and more sure of—the efficacy of music as a medicine for the insane. In "King Lear" also the doctor orders music as a restorative to the untuned and jarring senses of the child-changed father." But then Shakespeare has a fashion of introducing music as a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, as well as a crown for all joys. Poor King Henry IV., on his death-bed, would have some one "whisper music to his weary spirit." Music aids in restoring to life the well-nigh drowned Thaisa whom Pericles had allowed to be buried at sea in somewhat unseemly haste. Music awakes for Leontes the beautiful statue of Hermione, and gives him back his wife; and, to descend into the realms of unreality, when Titania wishes to go to sleep, she calls to the Fairies, "Sing me asleep," and she awakes joyously to the ravishing singing of Bottom the weaver.

Taking a rapid survey of Shakespeare's plays, we shall find represented almost every species of music-lover, from the jolly Sir Toby Belch, who, with his friend Sir Andrew Aguecheek, roused the night-owl with uproarious catches, to the so-called Professor, cunning in music and mathematics, whom gave the music lesson to sweet Bianca.

PERFORMING DOGS.—When dogs first figured in London as actors they created a genuine sensation. The Roscii of the canine stage, two in number, were called Geler and Victor, and such was their popularity that they held daily receptions, and people flocked in hundred to gaze upon and fondle these canine phenomena. Dog pieces became quite the rage, they even invaded the classic stage of Drury Lane, and one saved Sheridan from bankruptcy, when Kemble, Siddons, and a magnificent company of two-legged players had been performing to empty benches. The actors who owned the animals were called "dog stars." They always traveled in pairs; one played the villain, the other the virtuous individual; the latter was always attended by his faithful "dawg," who protected him from all the machinations of his enemy, the villain of the drama. At the windup the latter took "the seize," as it was called, that is to say, at a given signal the dog sprang at his throat, which was guarded by a thick pad, invisible, of course, to the audience, covered with red cloth; after turning round like teetotum, and shouting "mussy, mussy"—they invariably so pronounced the word—he would fall and roll about in great agony upon the stage, the dog still keeping a tight hold until he was supposed to be dead. Shakespeare's plays in their time have been made to assume many curious forms, but Hamlet as a dog piece is most startling of all, yet this was actually achieved by one of these "dog stars" about five-and-twenty years ago in the provinces. He announced himself as "the only dog Hamlet," which he probably was, though the phrase, from a natural history point of view, was a little mixed. The play was very much abbreviated, of course; the Prince of Denmark in every scene was attended by a large black dog, and in the last the sagacious animal took upon himself the office of executioner by springing upon the king and putting an end to his wicked career in the usual orthodox (dog) fashion.

IN A SPANISH STREET.—The women's dresses had no peculiarity except want of conformity to any contemporary fashion. I met two or three groups of peasants in thick woollen petticoat of old gold color with a cherry border, black bodies, and cherry kerchiefs; some of the men wore the red basque berret, but the predominating hues were black and brown.

The streets were thronged all day long, but nobody seemed to be going any whither, or to have anything to do, except for an hour on Sunday morning, when everybody was going to or from church; that was my only glimpse of the upper classes, and they too wore the cloak or mantilla veil, according to sex.

The ladies were for the most part dressed in black, with crape veils instead of lace.

Walking by twos and threes, their missal clasped in their hands, and a long silver-rosary dangling before them, their dark eyes, cast down under their long black eyelashes, they looked like members of a religious order. I saw a few handsome faces, the outline oval, the features regular, the complexion like ivy, the hair, brows, and eyes dark as night.

As a rule, the faces of both men and women were too strongly marked for beauty, the features tended to coarseness, the skin to wrinkles and sallowness, the brows to grow too close and heavy. An expression of gravity, dignity and reserve in almost every face redeemed it from commonness.

The men are not tall, but well knit. The soldiers strike one as under size, on an average; the officers are fine men, but the distinction is more in their bearing than in height.

AN UNLOVELY VIRTUE.—It is a singular fact that the wild animal known as the candid man is never able to see your good qualities, but he snaps at your bad ones like a hungry trout at a fly. He looks you all over with his critical microscopes, and if there is something good in your life, does he take it gently in his hands, hold it up to the sunshine, turn it round to get a better view, and put it back in its place with the remark, "That's worth having, and I'm glad you have it?" Never. We say it very emphatically, Never! He is not candid in that way. But let him catch a glimpse of a fib and he will chase it as a weasel does a rat, and when he has caught it he will hold it up with an air of triumph, as though he had no other business in life than to hunt for such things, and then deliver a forty minutes discourse on the ultimate destination of people who tell fibs, and end by saying with an air of deprecation, "I'm candid, and always say what I think."

TOO ENTHUSIASTIC.—"Teaching to me," said an enthusiastic young school-mistress, "is a holy calling. To sow in the young mind the seeds of future knowledge, and watch them grow up and develop, is a pleasure greater than I can tell. I never weary of my work. I think only of——" "I am very sorry," interrupted the young man to whom she was talking, "that you are so devoted to your profession, Miss Clara. I had hoped that some day I might ask you—in fact, I called to-night—but I hardly dare go on, in the light of what you——" "You may go on, Mr. Smith," said the young lady, softly; "I'm a little too enthusiastic at times, perhaps."

Latest Fashion Phases.

The assortment of tea gowns shown in the shops is enough to make one think that women have nothing to do but to wear them. So great is the variety that every type of woman may be satisfied.

The woman who has a fondness for gorgeous negligee gowns will be charmed with a tea gown recently imported from Paris. It is fashioned of dark blue velvet and has a sweeping train and enormous sleeves. The front of the gown is of white crepe shot with cerise. The crepe is gathered to the figure at the waist line and tied with dark blue ribbons. To add to the imposing effect the crepe front is bordered by bands of Angora fur.

A new idea for a tea gown which is dainty and simple is to have it made of fine French flannel trimmed with white moire ribbon, feather stitched in white silk to the flannel. Such a gown recently seen was made of pink flannel in the Empire design. White moire ribbons were drawn over the bust, forming a girdle. They tied at the centre of the corsage in a huge bow.

The upper part of the sleeve was an enormous puff of flannel trimmed by a Van Dyke point of the moire ribbon appliqued to it. The back of the gown hung in a graceful Watteau plait.

Black laces, among which point de Gene and point Venise, both with and without net tops, are the most important, are produced in insertions, edges, and points, and in an infinite variety of patterns.

Umbrellas of dark blue and red silks, with porcelain handles, covered with tracery of silver are the correct thing.

Not quite so airy as those of tulle, yet equally voluminous, are the ruffs of mousseline de soie. The material is doubled, then quilled and mounted—like the tulle ruffs—on a band of satin, gros grain or moire ribbon. The less expensive of these mousseline affairs tie in front with ribbon ends; closely plaited frills, together forming a tasteful little jabot, finish off the most elegant models.

One of the handsomest novelties is the gauze boa for evening wear. This consists of a breadth of gauze, with the two selvedges sewn together, drawn up in gathered tucks running lengthways or across. The threads are drawn up to form a roll about the size of a fur boa. Several inches of the gauze are left loose at the ends, where a flounce of lace is added as a garniture.

A rather wiry material of goat's-hair is waved in imitation of moire antique and is produced in black and in solid and mixed colors. The novelty is likely to be cordially received, for although it is not as flexible as some other woolens, it is perfectly adapted to many of the prevailing modes. In a notable sample of the fabric the waves are varied by dots, which are sunken into the material here and there and greatly heighten its charm.

Heavy outdoor fabrics take kindly to light, airy trimmings, although the latter are seen mainly on bodices. To be sure, black nets and laces flow from the skirts of street costumes, but chiffon and white or light toned laces are seldom devoted to such use.

The era of the comb is here, of the tall, slender, aggressive looking back comb familiar in portraits of Josephine, Madame Recamier and others whom David painted. This picturesque comb is now thrust through the high twist worn either on the crown of the head or just below, according to the contours of the face. Tortoise shell is the favorite materials for these combs.

Point d'Alencon lace is once more popular. It has a very fine net, and the lace work is rich and heavy. Yokes, deep collars, and a variety of other stylish adjuncts may be made of this lace. The small raised knots are also seen in other laces, being a new feature of this class of decorations.

Point gauze lace has also been revived. The net is invariably fine and the patterns very dainty, and the lace is used exclusively on evening bodices or gowns.

Ermine, which is so fashionable for capes, collars and various purposes of trimming, has found further resources for usefulness in the waistcoat worn with a tailor-made coat. It is made with a box plait and a pouch effect in front quite as successfully as if it were velvet.

A new corset is being worn quite extensively by French women. It is made with shoulder straps, and terminates a little above the waist, giving perfect freedom to the lower part of the body, yet so cleverly constructed that it gives all necessary support, and expands with every breath. For singers, dancers and all athletic exercise it is said to be exceptionally comfortable, securing easy grace of movement and plenty of room to breathe.

The luxury of our age is exemplified in the extravagant lounging gowns, which are a part of every wardrobe complete in all its details, and something new for them is a cloth called "zenana," which has the appearance of quilted silk lined with eider-down. But this is expensive, and French flannels, which were never so pretty as they are now, lined with silk and trimmed with fur, make very enticing gowns.

Everything, even the hats and toques, has the godet fulness, and some of the evening capes display this sort of plaits with great effect. They are made of silk, velvet, cloth or fur, and are marvels of millinery art as to trimming. One, seen at the opera, was of white bengaline, trimmed with three ruffles of white chiffon, made with a heading and set on two inches apart, reaching almost to the neck, which has a chiffon ruche.

A novelty in fur boas is made of Persian lamb, shaped a little like a collar at the back, and trimmed down the front with innumerable mink tails, three rosettes and plaited ends of black lace edging, and a bunch of violets at one side, opposite the little black head with its grinning teeth.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF IMPORTANT MATTERS.

Turkey Poulet.—Cut two pounds of lean veal and two of fat bacon, two large carrots and two large onions into large dice; add one half pound of fresh butter. Stew till veal is very white and bacon partially melted. Pour over them three pints of boiling broth or water; add four cloves, a small bunch of thyme and parsley, a bay leaf and a few grains of white pepper. Boil for an hour and a half, then strain and in the resultant liquor boil a turkey, to which, it will impart an indescribably rich and delicious flavor.

Pudding.—Take one cup of chopped suet, one of currants, three and a half cups of flour. Mix and add one teaspoonful of soda and spices of all kinds to taste. Beat up to a dough. Put in a pudding dish, place the batter in a steamer and steam for three hours. This is one of the most inexpensive of all plum puddings, and a surprisingly good one. The substitution of currants for raisins is an economy which by no means detracts from the merit of the pudding.

Haricot.—Cut all the dark meat from a large fat turkey. Stew for a few minutes in a little brown gravy soup. Have ready some carrots, turnips, celery and onions. Fry them in butter for some time, then add them to the turkey stew, thicken it with butter and flour. Season to taste, add a little port wine and catsup and stew the whole until the turkey is thoroughly done. This will be found a delicious dish.

Roasted Duckling Sauce.—Peel six sour apples, cook them in a little water and then pass them through a sieve. Add two ounces of scraped horseradish. Let it get cold. When ready to serve, mix with double its volume of whipped cream with a little sugar in it. Serve cold in a sauce tureen. The above is a most excellent sauce to serve with ducks and geese.

Roast Goose Sauce.—Put into a saucepan a tablespoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, a glass of port wine and a gill of gravy. Mix and warm, and pour it through a slit in the apron into the goose's body just before serving.

Two cake receptacles are necessary. A tin box keeps crisp and dry such cakes as should be so kept, as ginger snaps, jumbles and the like, while a stone crock, wide and deep, to hold loaves unbroken, and with a close cover, keeps fresh and moist sponge, loaf and layer cake. Fruit cake made to last months should be folded in dampened cloths, and put in a separate stone jar. It should be used only as needed.

The hand towels in the kitchen should be smooth and soft. Frequent wiping on Russian crash will soon make the hands red and rough, as the hard fabric scratches and does not wipe dry. The best material to be used is a twilled crash of cotton and linen, which may be bought at from twelve and a half to fifteen cents a yard.

In baking bread or rolls put a saucepan of boiling water into the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender. Much of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven door being banged when closed. Close the door as gently as possible.

Housekeepers should remember, when making biscuits and dumpling with baking powder, that three tablespoonfuls of the powder will be required to make one quart of flour light. The manufacturers' directions often call for only two, and the result is unsatisfactory.

Boil four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, with the same quantity of water for a minute, then add a teaspoonful of vanilla and two teaspoonfuls of cocoa, boil a minute longer and the icing will be ready to use.

Cocoa is now much used in the place of chocolate for icing cake. The icing is made by beating the whites of two eggs and mixing with them nearly a cupful of powdered sugar. Add two teaspoonfuls of cocoa.

Cut doughnuts out an hour or more before they are fried, and allow them time for rising. They will be much lighter than when fried as soon as they are cut. Try cutting them at night and frying them in the morning.

To make clothes wash easily: Mix one tablespoonful of paraffine oil with one pint of soft soap, and soap all white clothes; put them to soak over night, and you will have very little rubbing to do.

A skewer will be found to be of great assistance in sweeping a room. Nothing else can so thoroughly dig out deposits of dust from dusky corners.

Wear well-fitting shoes about the house work; they will be less fatiguing than loose, untidy slippers, that are supposed to be worn for comfort.

Never use water which has stood in a lead pipe over night. Not less than a wooden bucketful should be allowed to run.

Use a cloth to wash potatoes. It is no trouble to keep one for this purpose, and it will save hands and time.

Tie a strip of muslin on the end of a round stick and use it to grease bread and cake pans.

Milk which has changed may be rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

Croup is prevented by the timely use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the mother's friend.

SERVICE.—At what point in the social scale does the word "servant" become objectionable? A public servant is proud of the title. To be a servant of the Church is the ambition of brilliant and learned men. The measure of professional and scientific reputation is the service done. The expression of the most graceful courtesy is "Command me—how can I serve you?" The phrase of formal respect is "Your obedient servant." And yet, unaccountably, the very service that friends do for each other, that the members of the family give in common if they happen to be poor in money, is absurdly considered disgraceful, a personal dishonor, when performed for wages. The dishonor cannot come in with the pay. Ministers are paid and doctors and scientists. The fact is that heads are so full of nonsense about these things that it is hard to get at the sound reason which would set them right. Everybody must have relations with other human beings, his equals, his inferiors and his superiors; if he lives, he must do something, and what he does must serve or harm himself or other people. To talk of freedom is in great part sheer boasting. We are born inharness, and the best we can do is to keep the harness from chafing, and to make it a help.

THE CONFOUNDED LITTLE ISLAND.—"While I was in England," says an American woman, "I was told of an American who on his first trip on an English railway quite held his breath at the rapid running. At the first stoppage, feeling rather nervous, he approached the guard. 'I say, guard,' he venturad, 'this is pretty fast traveling for safety, isn't it?' 'Oh, no, sir,' replied the guard; 'we never run off the line here, sir!' 'But,' said the Yankee quickly, resenting the patronage, 'it is not the line. I'm afraid of running off your confounded little island!'"

Grains of Gold.

We cannot get rid of a fault by refusing to look at it.

There is no such thing as a bad tree bearing good fruit.

Sin wouldn't hurt anybody if it could not look harmless at first.

To a man of pluck defeat is generally a step to something better.

A man honest enough to pay a debt that has been outlawed is rare.

It is hard for us to believe that things that look harmless can be wrong.

No aim in life is right that does not take into consideration the good of others.

All the difference education can make in sin is to change the manner of its expression.

Labor troubles are often caused by men who are trying to make a living without work.

The right kind of repentance not only means to stop doing wrong, but to begin doing right.

Some men are always asleep when a golden opportunity knocks at the door of their house.

The man who lives only to please himself will soon find out that he has a hard master.

To wilful men the injuries that they themselves procure must be their school masters.

People are scarce who do not talk too much. The last thing many of us want to know is the truth about ourselves.

You should keep Salvation Oil on hand; it will cure all aches and pains. Price 25 cts.

Femininities.

The Queen of Italy has the reputation of being the best dressed woman in Europe.

The Chinese Government levies a regular tax on beggars and gives them in return the privilege of begging in a certain district.

In a suit that was heard recently in the Supreme Court of Boston, there was put in operation a circular saw with full gearings.

In 1514 the winter was so severe in Europe that in Flanders, it is said, the wine was frozen, and was cut in blocks and sold by weight.

Berlin is one of the most cosmopolitan of European cities. Though it is the capital of Germany, only 37 per cent. of its inhabitants are Germans by birth.

William Anderson last week climbed the flag pole of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company's building in New York, a distance of 470 feet from the pavement.

Her mother: "I saw him kiss you; I am terribly shocked! I did not for a moment imagine he would dare take such a liberty!" Herself: "Nor did I, ma—in fact, I bet him he daren't!"

Friend: "I wonder, Ethel, that you allowed that Frenchman to kiss you in the conservatory." Ethel: "I couldn't help it." Friend: "Why couldn't you?" Ethel: "Because I can't speak French."

Mistress: "I think you handle those fine china dishes very carelessly." Domestic: "Don't worry, mum. They are so light that they wouldn't hurt even if I dropped them on my toes, mum."

Owing to the fact that farms may be had upon the sole condition that they improve the land, many Norwegian immigrants have settled in British Columbia rather than in the United States.

Mrs. Fangle: "I've advertised for a servant for a whole week with no result." Mrs. Cumso: "Well, I advertised for a good-looking help-lady and had thirty-four to select from the first day."

"When Mrs. Parvenue was poor they used to say she was a great talker, but since she became rich it is different." "Indeed! What do they say now?" "They say she is a brilliant conversationalist."

"Annabel," he said, in tones of mingled sorrow and severity, "you forgot to write to me while I was away." "No, no," she protested, "I did not. I can prove it. I have the letter on my table now. I—I forgot to mail it."

White citizen: "Well, Jackson, what are you doing for a living now?" Colored citizen: "Ain't doin' nothin'; de ole woman takes in washin'." "Ain't you ashamed of yourself to allow your wife to support you by washing?" "Well, boss, my ole woman am mighty ignorant an' doan' know how to do nuffin else."

Mrs. Blackwood, the Indiana woman whose matrimonial versatility has been a subject of public comment from time to time, is about to marry her twelfth husband. She lives in Marshall county, in that State, and in a matrimonial state that breaks the record. Six of her husbands have been divorced, four died and one was killed.

Clerk: "I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my salary a little?" Employer: "Couldn't, really. But I'll tell you what I'll do, my boy. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months, so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again, so that you will have an excuse to get away."

A reformatory for girls is shortly to be founded in Berlin. As this has been found as necessary for girls as for youths none has hitherto existed in Berlin, but now cases frequently occur in which such an institution is most desirable for girls between twelve and eighteen. The inmates of the new reformatory are to be taught all branches of housework, and are to earn part, at least, of the cost of their maintenance by sewing, etc.

Masculinities.

Old Crusty says that the phrase, "Troubles never come singly," was copyrighted by a married man.

Judge Henry, in Kansas City, recently decided that a man must pay his wife's debts, even if he is suing her for divorce.

Amy: "Was Colonel Snorter in many engagements?" Mrs. Placid: "I understand he has been the defendant in five breach of promise suits."

When a Javanese woman marries, her teeth are blackened by a process so tedious and painful that some girls for this reason refuse to be married."

Egbert: "I saw you at the theatre the other night with a lady. A friend of the family, I suppose?" Bacon: "No, she is no friend of the family. She's my wife's mother."

It is stated that women's voices do not "carry" well on long-distance telephone lines. Their high notes do very well over short lines, but are not heard distinctly enough on the longer ones.

Husband: "Oh, give me a rest! You remind me of a parrot." Wife: "Why? Because I talk so much, I suppose." Husband: "Not at all; because you never know what you are talking about."

Mrs. Youngwedin: "But George is so good to his workmen." Mrs. Beenthere: "How do you know?" "Why, he was talking in his sleep last night, and said, 'Jim, I'll raise you ten!' And in these hard times, too!"

It is stated of the new 40 inch lens that is being made by Alvan Clark, the telescope manufacturer, that the heat of the hands in polishing it so distorts its focus, by expansion that three hours are required to cool it sufficiently for testing.

When Alexander Melville, a carpenter, died in New York on Saturday, his body was laid in a handsome mahogany casket that the old man had made for himself at odd moments. He began its construction three years ago, and had just finished it.

"You see, it was this way. They were all three so dead in love with her, and all so eligible, that to settle the matter, she agreed to marry the one who should guess the nearest to her age." "And did she?" "I don't know. I know that she married the one who guessed the lowest."

He was a pretty little youngster, with little fat legs that stuck out beneath clean, stiff starched clothes. "What are you going to do when you grow to be a man?" asked a visitor. The fellow's face assumed an expression of earnest gravity as he responded, with a voice which was evidently shaken by sad memories of the past: "Whip papa."

The son of Dr. Holmes asks that any persons having letters written by his father shall send them to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, or A. P. Watt, Esq., Hastings House, Norfolk street, Strand, London, with reference to their possible use in a contemplated "Life and Letters of Dr. Holmes." After copies have been made of such as are found to be available the letters will be carefully returned to their owners.

"Mamma, this is Mr. Tutter. He was under the impression that I was the only daughter, and I have just been telling him that I have two sisters," says Miss Clara. "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Winterbloom. "You must meet Maud and Estelle, Mr. Tutter. They are both older than Clara." "Indeed!" says young Mr. Tutter, wishing to say the right thing. "I didn't suppose it possible that you could have any daughter older than Miss Clara."

"He will come." They stood beside her and communicated their fear that she would never see him again. "He will come," she answered, with a sweet, confident smile. "I know he will come, after what we said at parting." When she explained to them in detail that her words to him had been, "It is all over between us; I do not wish to see your face again," and his rejoinder, "Farewell forever," they at once perceived that she was right.

Humorous.

BOOKS AND COOKS

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?
—BELWER.

The baker is the only loafer entitled to respect.

Why is an undertaker like a skinflint? Because he is always screwing people down.

The tombstone is about the only thing that can stand upright and at the same time lie on its face.

Guest, trying to cut a tough fowl: "This chicken would have been much better, landlord, if it had been served as an omelet!"

Question put by a Lover to his Fiancee—When will the alphabet contain twenty-five letters? The blushing answer was, "When U and I are made one."

On leaving the theatre Guilbollard goes into the cloak-room to get his topcoat. "Your number?" asked the woman in charge. "My number? Oh, just look in the pocket of my topcoat, I put it there for fear of losing it."

A railway passenger, in going out to the train, refused to show his ticket to the gateman, saying: "You know me well enough. My face is my ticket." "Oh, well," retorted the gateman, displaying a big fist, "my orders are to punch all tickets."

Vicar, severely to his cook: "Mary, you had a soldier to supper last night." Cook: "Yes, sir; he's my brother." Vicar: "But you told me you had no brother." Cook: "So I thought, sir, until you preached last Sunday and told us we were all brothers and sisters."

Wanted: Some buttons for a coat of paint; a commander to take charge of a courtship; a machine to thrash "wild oats;" a harness maker to build a harness for a night mare; a thousand skippers to take charge of a head of cheese; a taxidermist to prepare orickbats for exhibition.

"They don't seem to have much respect for the law over in Tipperary," said Quickwit, looking over the top of his paper at his wife. "What makes you think so?" she asked. "There's a man down there who has a foot thirteen and a-half inches long, and the law only allows twelve inches to a foot, you know."

In a Western court, not long ago, a tiresome lawyer had been trying for more than two hours to impress upon the jury the facts of the case, as they appeared to him. At length he glanced at his watch, and, turning to the judge, asked: "Had we better adjourn for dinner, or shall I keep right on?" "Oh, you keep on," answered the judge; "keep right on, and we will go to dinner."

A servant girl came to her mistress one day, and said, "I'm sorry, ma'am, but I'll have to leave you next month. Me and my young man are going to get married then." "Very well, Mary," replied the lady. "I hope however that you have given the matter careful consideration, and counted the cost in case one makes a mistake in marrying." "La, ma'am, it ain't going to cost me anything!" returned the girl.

A newly-married lady who recently graduated from college is not very well posted about household matters. She said to her grocer not long since: "I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago, and they were very fine. Have you got any more like them?" Grocer: "Yes, ma'am, there are ten of those hams hanging up there." "Are you sure they are all off the same pig?" "Yes, ma'am." "Then I'll take three of them."

EATING IN ITALY.

THE Italian of the lower orders is not very particular about his eating. What he wants is something to eat, and he cares very little about how it is prepared or in what shape it comes to him.

One street leading off from the theatre San Carlo is for a mile a sort of market devoted to the sale of comestibles, and there are long rows of booths for the preparation and sale of ready-made meals.

The street itself and the alleys leading from it are indescribably dirty, so dirty that to make a description that will convey any idea of it is as impossible as it would be to describe the hues of a rainbow. Imagine every possible description of garbage, with every other species of filth, thick on the streets, reeking, fermenting, and festering under a tropical sun, and you may have some idea of it.

There are kinds of filth mixed with this mass which may not be described in print, for the Italians of the lower classes, male and female, have no sense of the commonest kind of decency.

In the midst of all this stench there are booths for the sale of macaroni and everything else edible that can come within the compass of a cent a portion. There are the hideous cuttle-fish, boiled and cut into portions.

The seller, with a fist that is as black and grimy as original sin, places a portion of the fish upon a slice of brown bread, dashes some of the hot water in which it was boiled over it, the consumer with a hand equally grimy seizes it, and in a moment it is gone.

The macaroni eater takes the long strings in his hand, throws back his head that he may lose none of his pennyworth, and swallows it.

There are fish fried in loud smelling oil, fish boiled in filthy water in still more filthy kettles, fish picked and fish in every form, the only difference being that some look more dirty than the others. They are still on an equality in this respect, however, being all as dirty as they can be. But nevertheless everything is eaten, and everybody seems to be satisfied with it.

Vast quantities of fruit are eaten in these markets, as it is very cheap and good. Oranges are worth next to nothing, five for a halfpenny and sometimes cheaper, and other tropical fruits are just as cheap. They ripen the year round, and there never is a lack of them.

One article of food is plentiful in Italy, and always good, namely, eggs. The Italian takes naturally to hen culture, it being a pursuit just suited to his nature.

The hen is, unlike its owner, an enterprising being, and can skirmish for her own living. The hen providing for herself, the gathering of the eggs is exactly the Italian's idea of labor.

He is equal to the picking up of eggs if they are not too much out of the way, and it is a labor that precisely suits him, because the hen does all the work. Therefore he cherishes the hen and looks upon her with great favor.

He would like the donkey better if the donkey would only load himself, trot on without guidance, and unload himself. As the hen boards herself and requires no attention whatever, the Italian being put only to the inconvenience of gathering the eggs, the Italian loves the hen above everything in animated nature.

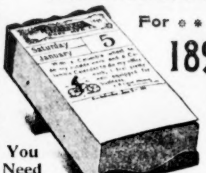
He not only can get the product of her work without any exertion, but the egg, when he has got it, can be consumed without labor.

The Italian sells it when he is not hungry, and when he needs the nourishment he can eat it raw. The hen is the Italian's best friend.

The fondness for hen culture furnishes the residents with fresh eggs always, and their style of cooking them is really appetising. They *fry* them in oil, they torture them into omelettes with oil, and as in respectable restaurants, hotels and families, the oil is always good, the result is entirely satisfactory.

Fortunately, oil is very cheap, and there is but little inducement to adulterate it, and the hen is always present. So he who can live on eggs can get on well in Italy.

THE COLUMBIA PAD CALENDAR



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A PRACTICAL JOKER.—George Vandenhoff, the actor, in a pleasant way, contributes to the humorous literature of the age the following dramatic sketch.

There was a low comedian, familiarly called Dick Hoskins, whom I occasionally encountered at several of the small country theatres in the north of England, and who was an inveterate and practical joker on the stage. He was always very well behaved with me, but when he came in contact with a tragedian for whose talents he entertained a contempt, or whose person or manners displeased him, woe to the unhappy subject of his fun! All his tragedy was turned into farce when Dick was in the humorous vein.

Thus he played the Grave Digger one night at, I think, the Rochdale theatre, to the Hamlet of a Mr. C——, a most solemn and mysterious gentleman of the cloak-and-dagger school. This gentleman's tragedy was, in Dick's eye, much more intensely comic than his own broadest strokes of farce; accordingly Dick made no terms with it, and showed the unfortunate object of his merriment no quarter on the stage. When, therefore, Hamlet approached the grave to hold his conversation with Dick in it, the latter began his antics, and extemporised all sorts of absurd interpolations in the text which he spoke in his own broad Lancashire dialect. There was not a good house, and Dick allowed himself full license. Mr. C—— scowled fearfully; but Dick was unabashed. At last he put a climax on his audacity that "topped the infinite af insult."

The theatre was built on the site of an old Dissenting chapel which had formerly stood there, in which a preacher named Banks had held forth, and in the small graveyard attached to which the doctor—for he was popularly dubbed Dr. Banks—had been buried twenty years before, and his name was familiar yet. So, after answering Hamlet's question, "How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?" Dick proceeded in due course to illustrate his answer by Yorick's scull; and taking it up, he said, in the words of the text, "Here's a scull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years. Whose do you think it was?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Hamlet, in his sepulchre tragedy tone.

"This same scull, sir," said Dick, pursuing the text thus far, and then making a sudden and most unlooked-for alteration, "was Dr. Banks' scull.

The word scull he pronounced like "bull," and of course the house was in an uproar of laughter and confusion. The victimized tragedian stamped and fumed about the stage as well he might, exclaiming, "Yorick's, sir, Yorick's!"

"No," said Dick, coolly, when the tumult had subsided, taking up another scull and resuming the text, "this was Yorick's scull, the king's jester; but"—going off again—"t'other's Dr. Banks's, as I told you!"

This was too much; this was the last straw on the tragedian's back! He jumped into the grave, seized the (very) low comedian by the throat, and a most fearful contest (never before, nor since, I hope, introduced into the play) ensued, in which Dick held his own bravely, and succeeded at length in overpowering, in a double sense, the worsted tragedian, whom he held down in the grave with one hand, while he flourished "Dr. Banks's scull" in triumph above his head.

The curtain was dropped amidst roars and shrieks of laughter, in which the king, queen, monk, and courtiers—who, in the vain hope of arresting the row, had been sent off with Ophelia's empty coffin—were compelled to join, forming a tableau which finished the play for that night.

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.—Much of the household peace depends upon the husband and father. Children are close observers and apt imitators of their elders. Should the father be addicted to the habit of fault-finding, especially in regard to the food set before him at meal time, and the weary, discouraged wife—in the vain attempt to defend her reputation as cook—arouses his ire by making excuses, then the children of the family will be listening to an angry tirade; or, what is worse, a quarrel (if the mother has not complete control of her temper); and of course they will be apt to follow the example set before them, and discord will reign in the household. That is not an attractive picture of home life, yet in some families such a scene is enacted almost every day. Men often mar the happiness of wives and children by fault finding, and surely they gain nothing to their own peace of mind by indulging in it. It is just as much the husband's duty to sit down to the table with a cheerful, sunshiny face, and make the best of the food set before them, as it is the wife's duty to keep the house in order, and prepare the meals regularly. But the ordinary husband does not seem to understand how his wife appreciates a word of praise. If she prepares some dainty dish to tempt his appetite, he is too careless to note how eagerly she waits to know if he likes it. Appreciation is one of the best incentives the world affords. After the labors incident to the preparation of a meal, how it seems to rest a woman to hear her husband say: "How nice and light your biscuits are," or "Wife, this meat is cooked to suit my taste," and other words of commendation. A few words of approval repays her for her trouble. Just try this for once, careless husband, and see if your wife's face does not light up, and all traces of weariness disappear on the distant. Oh, think of the many things you can do to brighten her life. A little appreciation by one she loves goes a good way towards making a woman happy. Many a weary mother drags out her life unappreciated, scarce finding a word of sympathy from her husband.

THERE is a tradition that a tombstone in the graveyard of an old and uncompromising little stone church in Loudon, Pennsylvania, gives forth a ticking sound, and it has long been locally famous as the ticking tombstone. The noise is not loud enough for the stone to be located by a stranger, and if the ticking is really ever heard, it comes doubtless from the trickling of water through the limestone formation not unusual in the region. The old church dates back to about the middle of the last century, and is surrounded by gravestones, some of them considerably older.

PUBLIC OPINION.—Public opinion is merely the combined result of the majority of individual opinions. Thus, although it is ever fluctuating, it is, upon the whole, growing and improving with the growth and improvement of each of its factors. We have quite as much to do with the making or the reforming of it as we have with the manner of receiving its influence. Indeed, whether we know it or not, we are every day and hour helping to make it what it is. By everything we do and by every opinion we utter we are either elevating or lowering its standards. Thus we are responsible not only for our attitude towards public opinion, but for the very character of public opinion itself.

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Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use CLOTHES ARE SAVED. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. Now it costs nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

PRESERVATION of clothes by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, is an established FACT of a generation. It is not an experiment or a wild assertion, but absolutely TRUE. Think carefully whether you prefer to save a cent or two on soap, or dollars on clothes. You can't do both. Buy Dobbins' Electric and look on every wrapper for the name of

DOBBINS SOAP M'F'G CO.,
Successors to I. L. Cragin & Co.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE WIG

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Strange indeed that

A PLAIN THING

like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked". Try it in your next house-cleaning

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What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.